

A

THE

LOVERS CABINET:

A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS:

CONTAINING,

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>I. The FAIR CIRCASSIAN.<br/>A Dramatic Performance.<br/>By a Gentleman of Oxford.</p> <p>II. The MIDSUMMER WISH.<br/>By the same.</p> <p>III. To SYLVIA. By the same.</p> <p>IV. HEATHEN PRIEST-<br/>CRAFT. By the same.</p> <p>V. The NAKED TRUTH.<br/>By the same.</p> | <p>VI. On FLORINDA bathing<br/>herself. By the same.</p> <p>VII. HELOISE to ABELARD.<br/>By Alexander Pope, Esq;</p> <p>VIII. The Answer of ABELARD.<br/>By Mrs Centlivre.</p> <p>IX. To CHLOE.</p> <p>X. The OECONOMY of<br/>LOVE. A Poetical Essay.<br/>By Dr. Armstrong.</p> |
|---|---|

Carefully Collated and Revised.

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*Insanire docet certa ratione modoque.*  
— *sine Me, Liber, ibis in Urbem.*

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OVID.

D U B L I N :

Printed for L. FLIN, at the Bible in Castle-street,  
near Silver-Court. MDCCCLV.

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| XXIX. THE MOUNTAIN WARRIOR.<br>By the same.  | XXX. THE MOUNTAIN WARRIOR.<br>By the same.    |



and Revised

Printed for L. B. L. in the City of London.

DUBLIN:

Printed for L. B. L. in the City of London.

THE   
FAIR CIRCASSIAN,

A

Dramatic Performance.

Done from the ORIGINAL

By a Gentleman-Commoner of OXFORD.

To which are added,

Several OCCASIONAL POEMS,

*By the same* AUTHOR.

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— *sine Me, Liber, ibis in Urbem.* OVID.

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The NINTH EDITION Corrected.

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L O N D O N:

Printed by A. MERRYMAN, near *Whitehall*, 1751.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE

# FAIR-CIRCASSIAN

A

Dramatic Performance

As performed by the

By a Georgian Company of Opera

at the

at the Theatre Royal

at the Theatre Royal



at the Theatre Royal

at the Theatre Royal

at the Theatre Royal

at the Theatre Royal



T O

Mrs. ANNA MARIA MORDAUNT.

M A D A M,

**T** H E Three Graces, which, above all other Arts, so powerfully charm the Soul, are Poetry, Painting and Music. And each of these is nothing else but a certain agreeable Beauty made up of a regular Composition of Language, Colour and Sound; which finding their way to the Mind by those two noble Instruments of Sensation, the Eye and the Ear, entertain it in the highest Perfection. All these proba-  
A 2 bly

iv DEDICATION.

bly were exerted together in SOLOMON'S Fair One; as the present Age is convinc'd they are in You. Her Language, like yours, was natural Poetry; her Voice Music; and the excellent colouring and formation of her Features, Painting: But, still like yours, drawn by the inimitable Pencil of Nature, Life itself; a Pattern for the greatest Masters, but copying after none; I will not say Angels are not cast in the same Mold.

THUS SOLOMON was a Poet, and thus I translate. He drew the Charms which his beautiful SAPHIRA presented; and I transcribe from You. We may equally boast of being inspir'd, each of our Breasts having been fill'd with a Goddess: only with  
this

# DEDICATION. v

this Difference; that my Poem  
ought to excel, as I have had the  
Advantage of a brighter Object:  
Whose Beauties, as yet unfullied  
by the wanton Gales of Love,  
like new-faln Snow, glitter with  
a superior Lustre.

I us'd to contemplate this  
happy Monarch's Love, with  
Pleasure; and behold his Charmer  
with Admiration. Forgive me,  
injur'd Maid, I despis'd our cold  
Northern Islands for producing  
so indifferent a Race of Females;  
no more to be compar'd with the  
Idea I had form'd of Her, than  
SPENSER'S snowy Lady to the  
real FLORIMEL. But when I saw  
You, like the Star which is Har-  
binger of the Day, dart thro'  
the Gloom and glow with Charms  
too bright to be beheld, good

# vi DEDICATION.

Gods! how astonish'd, how chang'd I was! I view'd You as the Angels did the new-created World, with excessive Delight; and instead of admiring SAPHIRA, ador'd You.

O LOVELY Deity, pardon the Presumption of this Address, and favour my weak Endeavours. If my Confession of your divine Power, is any where too faint, believe it not to proceed from a want of due Respect, but of a Capacity more than Human. Whoever thinks of You can no longer be himself; and if He could, ought to be something above Man to celebrate the Accomplishments of a Goddess.

To You I owe my Creation, as a Lover; and in the Beams of your Beauty only I live and move  
and

## DEDICATION. vii

and exist. If there should be a total Suspension of your Charms, I must fall to nothing. But it seems to be out of your Power to deprive us of their kind Influence; wherever you shine they fill all our Hearts; and you are charming out of Necessity, as the Author of Nature is good.

You too are heavenly, and therefore must be good. O permit Me, your despairing, yet most sincere Suppliant, to approach the Altar of your Beauty; to offer up the first Fruits of my Muse, and, with a distant Hope, to implore your Favour. My Infidel Heart was first converted by your Charms, and will triumph with Constancy under all the Sufferings it shall meet with in their Service; and tho' Want  
of

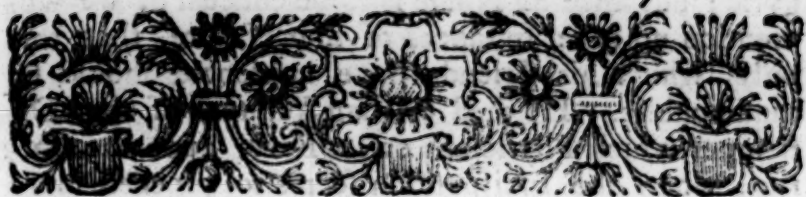
viii DEDICATION.

of sufficient Merit may justly  
bar it from the Expectation of a  
future Blessing, yet, O divine  
Being, indulge me the temporal  
Happiness of subscribing myself

*Your most Devoted,*

*most Obedient, and*

*most humble Slave.*



## P R E F A C E.

**T**H O' the following Translation comes into the World obscurely and without a Name, as if it were some spurious Off-spring not proper to be countenanc'd; yet give me Leave to observe that these natural Children of the Muses, which are most commonly begotten in a Heat of Poetic Blood, and a great Vigour and Strength of Fancy, are often more healthy and long-liv'd than others, and carry the Marks of an easier Spirit and a more florid Constitution. If to these Advantages of Birth, the happy Incidents of Education are added, such as drawing the refin'd Air of *Parnassus*, playing upon the Banks of *Helicon*, and cooling their youthful Heat by repeated Draughts of the Fountain *Hippocrene*, I need not say how far these stoln Conceptions will exceed any thing that is labour'd in the vulgar indifferent way of a customary Espousal. That the Thoughts of this Performance were as well suggested by Genius and Nature, as improv'd by the common Rules of Art, cannot be question'd by those who view the Author in that Light which he has given us of himself; as a young Lover inspir'd with the Charms, and furnish'd with a Description from the Beauties of the fair Creature, whose Name he has plac'd before his Dedication.

He was a Gentleman-Commoner of *Oxford*, the Heir and Hopes of a Family of good Condition and Repute in that County; whose natural and acquir'd Qualities were such as might justify a particular Panegyric;

gyric; but since his Name is to be conceal'd, we will mention no other Instances of that Nature, than this only, which his Friends have consented should be made public. He died this last Winter, of that Distemper which Physicians call a Fever upon the Spirits; when the Indisposition seems to proceed more from the Uneasiness of Mind than Illness of Body; and is such as either eludes their Art, or falls not within their Method of Prescription. This Design seems to have been executed the Summer before; upon his having accidentally been in Company with the fair Lady, who at once kindled in his Breast the Fires of Love and Poetry. And this, being a Circumstance never suspected by his Friends, has made them apprehensive that some real or imaginary Discouragement might have hover'd over his young Passion, and given it this fatal Blast in its so early and tender Bloom. But as all this is only Conjecture, they don't pretend to accuse any Person living as accessary to their unfortunate Loss; they only deplore their not knowing the particular Situation of his Mind, that they might have endeavour'd to apply the proper Preservative. That he design'd the following Sheets for the Press seems pretty plain, not only from his having written the Dedication, but particularly specifying that he had taken the fourth Chapter from *Steel's Miscellanies*, with some few Alterations; as he ingeniously acknowledges in a marginal Note. And therefore just as he left them, they are sent into the World: with the same Title-Page: by which it looks as if he intended to conceal his own Name from public Notice, while he had the Pleasure in obscurity to blazon the Charms of his Mistress, by copying from her the several Features of the Beauty he draws; which, considering the Eastern Manner, and allegorical Expression, does in his Hands become an Original And whether, by thus taking the distinct Perfections of his celebrated Piece from one single Person, he may have succeeded so well as *Appelles*, who drew his *Venus* from a Collection of beautiful Parts taken from a Number  
of

of the compleatest Females he cou'd meet with, I must leave those to judge who have seen the young Lady that furnished the whole Magazine of Graces, so well dispos'd in this unhappy Scholar's Portrait. Whether he intended to have written any Thing by way of Preface or Apology, we cannot determine; but nothing of that kind appearing, has made us think it proper to give this Account of the Occasion, and what follows of the Manner, of our Author's Conduct in this Affair.

It is certain that he has all along kept the Sense of the vulgar Translation in view; and if what he was oblig'd, by the Nature of his Design, to add, has given no true Illustration to the sublime Meaning of the Allegorical Writing; so neither may we venture to say, has it diminish'd, or debas'd, or any way alter'd the Sense of it; but left it full as applicable now, as ever it could be in the Original. That *Soloman* did not directly and immediately intend this as a kind of *Opera* or dramatic Performance to celebrate the exceeding Happiness he enjoy'd in a mutual Intercourse of Pleasures with a Woman of his *Seraglio*, can be insisted on by no one who considers the Nature of his own and his Father *David's* Prophetic Writings; where, tho' some other Meaning than what appears may be couched by a supernatural Direction; yet the plain and obvious Sense was always understood of their own Affairs, and by them suited to some particular Occurrences, of no extraordinary kind.

THIS being allow'd, we will endeavour to find out who the Person was, which has been distinguish'd to Posterity by such a tender Description and warm Representation of her own and her Royal Master's Passion. And though this may seem to be an Inquiry of a nice and difficult Nature, but of little or no Advantage to the Common-wealth of Letters; yet I hope to make some Discovery in it, for an Embellishment of this particular Piece, and for the Satisfaction of my candid Readers the Ladies. I know that this *Sultana* has been vulgarly suppos'd to be *Pharaoh's* Daughter,

Daughter, because *Soloman* is recorded to have espous'd such a one; for in the \* *History* of his Life and Actions it is expressly mention'd, that he enter'd into an Alliance with *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*, and married his Daughter, and brought her home to the City of his Father *David*: And after he had finished the Temple at *Jerusalem*, and some other public Edifices of Strength and Beauty, he built a Palace for her particularly; which looks like a Mark of very great Favour and Esteem; as it probably was, and nothing else. For having married the Daughter of so powerful a Prince, as the King of *Egypt*, (very likely for Reasons of State, and to strengthen the Interest of his own Contry by an Alliance with so formidable a Potentate) he could not help shewing all the Regard that was due to her high Birth and Condition; by building her a separate Court, and granting her such an Allowance as might be sufficient to support her in proper Grandeur, And this he might do without the least Embarrassment of his private Pleasures, or Oppression of his Subjects; if we consider, that by the admirable Treaty of Commerce which he had established with a maritime Power, he had made Gold and Silver at Home, as plenty as the Dirt in the Streets. Now, that the Lady here introduc'd could not be this *Egyptian* Princess, seems reasonable from hence: because she is character'd as a private Person, a Shepherdess, one that kept a Vineyard, and was us'd ill by her Mother's Children. All which will correspond very well with somebody else; but can't, without great straining, be drawn to fit so illustrious a Princess. Not but that this luxurious and rich Prince could well afford to maintain all his Concubines, in their several Houses and Gardens of Pleasure with a Magnificence truly Royal; as it is probable he did many of them. And this Lady seems to be attended with a Number of Female Slaves

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\* 1 *Kings* iii. 1. vii. 8. 2 *Chron.* vii. 13.

appropriated to her own particular Use : Tho' it is as probable that he often diverted himself privately with them as a Shepherd in Masquerade, in his Groves and Wildernesses, curiously consisting of the most exquisite rural Amusements, and the most delicate Collection of Flowers, Fruits and Spices. And he is here describ'd as coming by Stealth in the Night to her Chamber or Apartment, and she as privately solicitous in her Search after him ; which probably was a concerted Design upon such Occasions, to enliven their Pleasures, by making them seem attended with Danger and Difficulty : All which are a Sort of little agreeable familiar Liberties, not so consistent with the Formality and Ceremony commonly us'd with a Royal Consort.

THEREFORE seeing we have so good Reason to conclude that this was not *Pharaoh's* Daughter, we will next endeavour to shew who she was. And here we are destitute of all Manner of Light but what is afforded us by that little *Arabian* Manuscript mention'd in the Philosophical Transactions of *Amsterdam*, 1558, said to be found in a Marble Chest among the Ruins of *Palmyra*, and presented to the University of *Leyden*, by Dr. *Hermannus Hoffman*. The Contents of which are something in the Nature of Memoirs of the Court of *Soloman* ; giving a succinct Account of the chief Offices and Posts in his Household ; of the several Funds of the Royal Revenue ; of the distinct Apartments in his Palace there ; of the different *Seraglios*, being sixty-two in Number, in that one City. (Tho' our young Author seems to suppose all the King's Mistresses were kept in one.) Then there is an Account given of the *Sultanas* ; their manner of Treatment and Living ; their Birth and Country, with some Touches of their Personal Endowments, how long they continu'd in Favour, and what the Result was of the King's Fondness for each of them. Among these there is particular mention made of a Slave of more exceeding Beauty than had ever been known before ; at whose Appearance

the Charms of all the rest vanish'd, like Stars before the Morning Sun; that the King cleav'd to her with the strongest Affection, and was not seen out of the *Seraglio* where she was kept, for above a Month. That she was taken Captive, together with her Mother, out of a Vineyard on the Coast of *Circassia*, by a Corsair of *Hiram* King of *Tyre*, and brought to *Jerusalem*. It is said she was plac'd in the Ninth *Seraglio*, to the East of *Palmyra*, which in the *Hebrew* Tongue is call'd *Tadmor*. Which, without farther Particulars, are sufficient to convince us, that this was the charming Person, sung with so much Rapture by the Royal Poet; and in the Recital of whose Amour he seems so transported. For she speaks of herself as one that kept a Vineyard; and her Mother's introducing her in one of the Gardens of Pleasure, (as it seems she did at the first presenting of her to the King) is here distinctly mention'd. The Manuscript further takes Notice that she was call'd *Saphira*, from the heavenly Blue of her Eyes; which are Hints I find the ingenious Translator has taken from some Conversation we once had upon this Head. And now I think, if this Roll of Parchment may be allow'd to have lain uncorrupted so many hundred Years; as in a Chest of durable and firm Marble, well cemented and lying in a dry sandy Earth, may not be impossible; there can be no Reason to suspect the fair *Circassian*, and the celebrated Beauty in the Song, for being different Persons.

I SHALL only beg your Patience, kind Reader, while I add a Word or two more by way of Apology for the young Gentleman's Performance, which you have, such as it is, without any Alteration. There are some Things which I could have wish'd might have been drawn over with another Colouring; and which, had they come to my View in my Pupil's Life time, as his Tutor, I shou'd have advis'd him to have cast in another Form. But being become as it were a Relique since his Death, I look upon it as a kind of Profaneness to change its Shape; as well as  
 profess

profess my Want of Capacity to set any thing of this kind in a more beautiful Light. Yet, I would fain excuse, what I am not certain to be irreproveable; and must desire the Reader of a nice Ear, if he meets with any Thing not so well tun'd, to consider it as the first Attempt of a Novice; whose Eagerness is apt to precipitate them too much; especially in their first Performances. Tho' from my Pupil's usual Correctness in his College Exercise, I may venture to pronounce of him what *Ovid* did of himself, when prevented from reviewing his Works by a less fatal Occasion,

*Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat.*

Whatever is too puerile, loose, or superfluous, would certainly in a great measure have been prun'd away; and the Roughnesses fill'd and polish'd into a more agreeable Lustre. But, however I will venture to say as it is, that the Images which here and there appear in a loose Dress, are no more than Copies of the antique Drapery, and to any who would be thought free from Prudery, may appear without the least Exception. If the Muse is bold and plain in the Original, she only puts on an Air of Freedom, to take an Opportunity of discovering some of her Beauties; and if the Copyist uses the same Artifice, tho' he miscarries in his Attempt, he should not be blam'd for endeavouring to imitate such a Master-stroke. The great Fear is that he has drawn his Copy in too faint a Light; which very Fault, if he be guilty of it, will screen him from the Imputation of having run into the other Extreme, and outdone the boldness of his Original.

For my part, if I may be allow'd to speak without Suspicion of Partiality, I think it inferior to few of the Productions of late Years, for the Sublimity of Diction and Harmony of Numbers. Were any of our modern Tragedies interlac'd with some of the golden Wires drawn from those Love-Speeches, how

would they glitter and dazzle the Ears of the Audience, and set off the dry and insipid Stuff, with which most of their coarse spun Pages are lin'd!

*Purpureus, latè quâ splendeat, unus & alter  
Assuitur Pannus.*————

Whereas this is a whole Piece of rich glowing Scarlet; which cut out into thin Shreds, and stitched upon their Heroes and Princesses, would shine thro' an hundred Plays; filling the Heads of the Beaus with Rapture, and the Hearts of the Ladies with Tenderness; dwelling upon their Lips in endless Repetitions, and obliging them to spend their agreeable Voices in passionate Encomiums upon the Author.

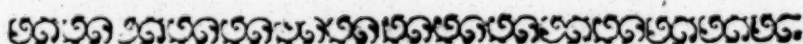
BUT I have done; I pray this Fondness may be excus'd: as Guardian to a Virgin Muse, I may be allow'd to recommend my Charge in my own Market Phrase; and provided the World is but civil to that, they have my free Leave to take what Liberties they please with my awkward and odd Manner of introducing it.

*Oxon, March 25, 1720.*

THE



THE  
FAIR CIRCASSIAN.



P R O L O G U E.

**V**IRGINS of *Albion*, Ye Fair Female Kind,  
Who live to Love's soft Measures well inclin'd,

Whose gentler Minds have known the pleasing Smart,  
And felt his Venom tickling thro' your Heart,  
To you the following tender Scenes I write ;  
To you, best Judges of the best Delight.  
Thrice happy He, who could his Muse employ  
To heighten and improve so fine a Joy.

HENCE the soft Sex conveniently may find  
What Pleasures flow from Love with Prudence join'd,  
What sweet Ideas flutter in the Breast,  
By melting Lips what Raptures are exprest ;  
How safe the Joys that fill their circling Arms,  
When Men of Sense are trusted with their Charms.

NOR let the Style or Foreign Phrase offend,  
'Twas thus those *Eastern* Beaus their Passion penn'd !

The Sentiments were such, in such a Pair,  
Where He was most discreet, and She most fair;  
Tho' we may well conclude, from what is writ,  
The Man had Beauty, and the Woman Wit.

ATTEND! the Lady first shall Silence break;  
'Tis thus the faithful Story makes her speak.



## C A N T O I.

### S H E.

**O** LOVE! thy mighty Burnings who can  
bear!

What Thirst, what Favour can with mine compare!  
With Speed conduct me to the lovely Swain  
That fires my Soul, and causes all my Pain;  
'Tis only that dear Youth whose balmy Kifs  
Can mitigate my Smart with healing Blifs.  
O come, my Dearest, come and hither bring  
Thy Lips adorn'd with all the blooming Spring.  
A thousand Sweets their fragrant Atoms blend;  
Which, in a Gale of Joy, thy Breath attend:  
Such soothing Cordials to my Soul apply;  
Heal me with Kisses, Love, or else I die;  
With poignant tasteful Kisses, such as thine,  
Whose Flavour far excels the richest Wine.

At the dear Mention of thy charming Name,  
The blushing *Nymphs* disclose their hidden Flame;  
While *Zephyrs* bland the pleasing Accents bear,  
Perfumes are wafted thro' the gentle Air;  
The pow'rful Sound enchants the listning Grove,  
And tender Damsels sicken into Love.

WHERE'ER

WHERE'ER you go, where e'er your Steps you move,  
 Thither I'm hurried on the Wings of Love;  
 His filken Cords my yielding Limbs enthal,  
 And I must follow my Beloved's Call;  
 But, while such mighty Charms as his invite,  
 My Chains are Transport, and my Task Delight.

WHAT wou'd my Prince, my lovely Tyrant have?  
 Oh! whither wou'dst Thou draw thy willing Slave?  
 I see, I see, the golden Doors unfold,  
 The Royal Bed, with Raptures, I behold;  
 To Thee my Virgin Blushes I resign,  
 And, spite of inbred Modesty, I'm Thine.  
 Ecstatic Pleasure fills my gasping Soul,  
 As Wines, profusely pour'd, o'erflow the Bowl:  
 O stay, my flitting Senses, and record  
 The Bliss these momentary Joys afford;  
 Yes, to my kind Endearments I'll be true,  
 And give thy wond'rous Love its Praises due.

YE *Tirzan* Maids, whose Skins allure the Sight  
 With milky Fields of pure unblemish'd white,  
 My artless Beauties tho' compar'd with you,  
 They seem to fade and give a browner Hue,  
 Are Beauties still, and only look less fair,  
 Sun-burnt and tarnish'd with the Noon-tide Air.  
 I, of six Daughters was the latest born,  
 My Mother's Darling, but my Sister's Scorn;  
 My opening Bloom with jealous Eyes they view'd,  
 And fell Revenge their envious Minds pursu'd;  
 Me lonely to the distant Hills they send,  
 Helpless myself, the Vineyards to defend:  
 Where Southern Blasts and Rays of scorching Heat  
 Did on my Face and tender Bosom beat.

Yet

Yet I, with Patience, in their Vineyards lay  
 Whole dewy Nights, and watch'd 'em all the Day;  
 Ah! Me; my own, but ill secur'd the while,  
 To bold rapacious Love became a Soil.  
 Rudely He leapt the Mounds, the Fence destroy'd,  
 Nor ceas'd 'till with the budding Clusters cloy'd.

TELL me, my lovely Spoiler, thy Retreat;  
 I now forgive; for Oh! the Theft was sweet.  
 If You, a Prince, will grace the shining Court,  
 Let Me, your Slave, among your Train resort;  
 Or if, in Shepherds Weeds, you'll humbly deign  
 To feed your Flock along th' extended Plain;  
 Tell me beneath what coolly spreading Shade  
 At Noontide Hours thy lovely Limbs are laid;  
 Tell me, my Charmer, lest I chance to stray  
 Among the Shepherds Tents, and lose my Way.

H E

O FAIREST of thy Sex! to hear thy Voice  
 The Shepherds and their Sheep alike rejoice?  
 Whose Bleatings from the Plain salute thine Ear,  
 And tell the Flocks and Cottages are near:  
 The little Path their cloven Feet have trod  
 Will bring Thee to thy longing Swain's Abode;  
 There may thy Kidlings browse the shrubby Green,  
 And we lie shelter'd in the leafy Scene.

How gracefully, my Love, thy Charms appear!  
 How unaffected all thy Motions are?  
 Like Art, thy very Negligence shine,  
 And Beauty moves in every Step of thine.

So tread the manag'd Steeds with comely Gait,  
 Harness'd to draw the gilded Coach of State.  
 Whose easy Shapes in just Proportion rise,  
 And gratify the pleas'd Spectator's Eyes.  
 Transparent Pendants, with a Brilliant Light,  
 Adorn thy Cheeks and point 'em to the Sight :  
 The Chains that circle round thy Neck with Gold,  
 In stronger Links the fatal Gazers hold.  
 Hasten, hasten, ye Nymphs, with curious Fingers ply  
 The Loom, and interweave the various Dye ;  
 Let Flow'rs of Silver round the Borders shine,  
 Mixt with a running Train of golden Twine ;  
 With These adorn my Fair, for vulgar Sight ;  
 But me her native Charms alone delight.

*S H E*

How my Perfumes, by close Embraces prest,  
 Fly out and hang upon my Charmer's Vest !  
 And, while He banquets at the Royal Board,  
 To all around a fragrant Scent afford.  
 But, when in amorous Folds our Bosoms meet,  
 My Love himself is like rich Odours sweet ;  
 Grateful as Myrrh he dwells upon my Breast,  
 And sooths my panting Soul to downy Rest.

Who can thy manly Graces truly paint,  
 Or how describe, where all Description's faint !  
 Thy Charms the rest of Human Kind surpass,  
 As loftier Vines excel the lowly Grass ;  
 Or, as among the twisting Vines is seen  
 The cluster'd Camphire with superior Green.  
 Oh ! how transcendently my Love is fair !  
 To paint his Beauties, what shall I compare !

How

How languishing his Eyes! like cooing Doves,  
Emitting at each Glance their mutual Loves.

BEHOLD, my Life, our dear expecting Bed  
With Coverlets of lively V erdure spread :  
Columns of Cedar, of the choicest Grain,  
In rows the filken Canopy sustain ;  
Of inlaid Firr the level Floor ; above,  
The vaulted Cieling glows with pictur'd Love.



## C A N T O   I I .

H E .

**A** BLOOM like thine attends the vernal Rose,  
Such White the Lily of the Valley shows.  
As These among the Briers distinguish'd stand,  
So you excel the Daughters of the Land.

S H E

AND You, my Prince, so eminently fair  
Above the brightest Sons of Men appear,  
As the Pomegranate, with its golden Rind,  
Exceeds the neighb'ring Trees of Silvan kind.  
Under his Shade with sweet Delight I lay,  
Protected kindly from the sultry Day ;  
His Fruits, with eager Appetite, I eat,  
Indulg'd my Taste, and cool'd my fainting Heat.

ME and my Charmer, now, from noontide Bow'rs,  
To spend in various Scenes our blissful Hours ;

Love

Love to the Banqueting Pavilion brings,  
And o'er our Heads unfurls his trembling Wings.  
His silken Banner hovers in the Air,  
And Love displays himself emblazon'd there.  
With fev'rish Heat he seizes every Part,  
Burns in my Veins, and revels in my Heart.  
O bring, of cool Sherbet, an ample Bowl,  
Allay my Flame, and pour it on my Soul;  
My ebbing Life with spritely Fruits repair,  
And sooth my raging Breast, for Love is there.

YET Oh! how soft, how pleasant is the Bed!  
When on his Arm I lean my lovesick Head:  
On his left Arm my lovesick Head I place,  
His right infolds me with a warm Embrace.  
Soft, I adjure You, by the nimble Fawns,  
And Hinds that bound across the flow'ry Lawns,  
Ye sportive Damsels, that ye softly move,  
Nor with your Voices wake my sleeping Love.

HARK! thro' the Dawn a heav'nly Musick breaks,  
It thrills my Soul, for my Beloved speaks.  
Up, like the bounding Hart, He springs, He flies,  
And thro' the Lattices darts his radiant Eyes:  
To Me He calls, Arise! Arise! my Fair;  
Calm is the Morning, and serene the Air;  
The wintry Cold is gone, the genial Spring  
Provokes the Flow'rs to blow, the Birds to sing:  
The wanton Turtle, in the neighb'ring Grove,  
Sits cooing, and renews his Tale of Love:  
Behold! the pregnant Fig begins to shoot,  
The Vine in Clusters yields its purple Fruit;  
All Nature smiling welcomes in the Day:  
Arise, my lovely Fair, and come away.

## H E

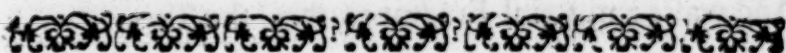
FROM the cool Grottos of the Rock I hear  
 My Charmer's Voice, and blest my ravish'd Ear.  
 Come forth, my Dove, compleat thy Swain's Delight,  
 And give thy beauteous Person to his Sight.

HASTE, haste, ye nimble Hunters, spread the Net,  
 With many a Toil the Vineyards 'round beset,  
 The wily Foxes take, and from the Vines  
 Avert the little Vermin's fell Designs:  
 Our Vineyards now their noblest Grapes produce,  
 The ripen'd Clusters swell with Purple Juice.

## S H E

I AM my Prince's, and my Prince is mine,  
 Link'd with a mutual Love our Hearts combine  
 Among the Lillies He abides all Day,  
 Himself as Fair, Himself as sweet as They.

THE Dews descend, the dusky Clouds arise,  
 Night draws her sable Curtain o'er the Skies:  
 Return my wand'ring Paramour, return;  
 With Me repose, and wait the coming Morn.  
 Fly to my Arms, and let thy nimble Speed,  
 The Mountain Roe or the wild Hart exceed.



## C A N T O III.

S H E.

**T**H E busy World is hush'd in silent Night,  
 The Silver Moon displays her paler Light;  
 When sleepless on my Bed I lie alone,  
 For Ah! the Partner of my Soul is gone.  
 In vain I send my searching Hands around,  
 My lovely Wanderer is no where found.  
 Inward I grieve, and with confused Haste  
 My Mantle o'er my Shoulders slightly cast.  
 Then thro' the City run, with eager Pace,  
 And seek my Fugitive from Place to Place.  
 Breathless and faint I range o'er ev'ry Street,  
 And move, with Pain, my tender faltering Feet.  
 The nightly Watch I hail, and thus enquire,  
 Saw You the Object of my Soul's Desire?  
 They knew not of Him: Scarce from them I past,  
 But straight I found and held my Charmer fast.  
 Around his Neck my longing Arms I flung,  
 Flew to his Lips, and on his Beauties hung:  
 Then to my Mother's House my Captive led,  
 And fondly drew him to the genial Bed.

YE Daughters of the Land pass gently by,  
 Behold my Love, but with a silent Eye:  
 I charge you, by the Hinds and Forest Roes,  
 Not to disturb Him in his soft Repose.

SEE! from the secret Bow'r of Love he comes,  
 The ambient Air is fill'd with his Perfumes;

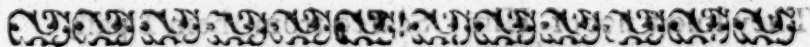
C

Where-

Where,e'er He goes, He breathes a spicy Breeze,  
And wafts ambrosial Fragrance thro' the Trees.

BEHOLD his Bed ! the Guards around it stand,  
Threescore, the stoutest Sons of all the Land :  
Their valiant Breasts are stamp'd with many a Scar,  
At Home rever'd, and terrible in War :  
Each on his Thigh a mighty Sabre wears,  
To free the Night from false alarming Fears.  
Pillars, with Silver Cornice wrought above,  
Whose Base is Gold, sustain the rich Alcove :  
Sweet Woods of *Lebanon* the Frâme compose,  
The lofty Canopy with Purple glows :  
The Middle, pav'd with downy Love, invites  
The Virgin Nymphs to taste its soft Delights.

APPROACH, fond Maids, and see my lovely King  
Crown'd with the Beauties of the gaudy Spring,  
The Garland, his indulgent Mother wove,  
Against the solemn Festival of Love.



## C A N T O IV.

H E.

Y O U R envious Thoughts conceal, Ye rival  
Throng,  
And while I sing my Fair, attend my Song.

HER dovelike Eyes ten thousand Charms dispense,  
Breathing at once both Love and Innocence.  
Behold ! adown her Neck the wavy Locks  
Frisk, like exulting Kids o'er *Gilead's* Rocks.

Her

Her Ivory Teeth in beauteous Order stand,  
Like Sheep new-wash'd and whiten'd on the Strand;  
When, drooping from the Flood their snowy Skins,  
Each with their Lambs appears, and each with Twins.  
Her Lips like Threads of Scarlet brightly glow;  
In sweetest Sounds her moving Accents flow.  
Around her Cheeks soft circling Tresses shine,  
Just as the tender Ringlets of the Vine }  
Round the plump Fruit their wanton Curls entwine. }  
Her marble Neck the sparkling Gems adorn,  
As blazing *Phosphor* gilds the rosy Morn,  
Shap'd like the lofty Tow'r in *Sion's* Fields,  
Studded and hung with Warriors mighty Shields.  
Her Breast, where Love and all his Graces dwell,  
Pregnant with Bloom and rip'ning Beauties swell;  
Like young Twin-Roes that graze the verdant Meads,  
With Buds just sprouting from their velvet Heads.

HENCE to the Hills of *Myrrh* I'll haste away,  
Where spicy Breezes round my Head shall play;  
There spend in gentle Dreams the gloomy Night,  
Till Morning Sun restores his golden Light.

FROM rocky *Lebanon* return, my Love,  
To *Hermion's* dewy Hill and *Shenir's* Grove.  
See from *Amana's* green and shady Brow  
The distant Prospect of the Vales below.  
Securely hence the spotted Leopard view,  
Nor fear the rugged Lion's brindled Hue.

O MAID divinely fair! whose every Part,  
Like pointed Lightning melts my ravish'd Heart;  
Fill'd with your Love I loath the Charms of Wine,  
Nor for the Vineyard's purple Stores repine.

So sweet you breathe, that wheresoe'er You go,  
The Gales of spicy *Saba* seem to blow.

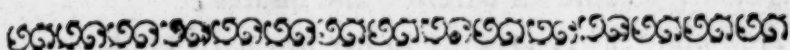
THY kindly Lips a luscious Juice distil,  
And every Kiss with liquid Honies fill :  
With Scents of *Lebanon* thy Vesture crown'd  
Scatters reviving Odours all around :  
The various Sweets which feed the Thymy Bee,  
My Dear, my lovely Princess are in Thee.

THE Garden thus, some Spot of Pleasure, lies,  
Inclos'd for Privacy from vulgar Eyes ;  
In Thee, each Flow'r uprears its colour'd Head,  
Soft vernal Airs the bloomy Buds dispread ;  
Joys ever-smiling in thy Glances play,  
As trembling Streams reflect the gilded Day.  
Spikenard and Cinnamon, that loves the Vale,  
Rich Thural Fruits, in Thee, their Sweets exhale :  
Saffron, with *Cassia*'s orient precious Oil,  
Supply'd by blest *Arabia*'s fruitful Soil,  
Whose spicy Rind, with smelling Gum distent,  
Breathes thro' the Air a kind Balsamic Scent :  
While fragrant Dews in fleecy Vapours rise,  
And balmy Clouds perfume the azure Skies.

## S H E.

AWAKE, O *Zephyr*, or Thou Southern Breeze,  
In gentle Murmurs fan the branchy Trees ;  
With soothing Breath upon my Garden blow,  
That grateful Smells from every Plant may flow.  
Let my Beloved, in the coolly Shade,  
On Beds of Flow'rs repose his lovesick Head ;  
Or with delicious Fruitage please his Taste,  
Be fill'd with Joy, and bless the kind Repast.

C A N T O



## C A N T O V.

H E.

**D**Elights so sweet the Springs and Grottos give,  
 That in thy Garden I would ever live.  
 Where-e'er I turn, enchanting Scenes arise,  
 To glad my Soul, and entertain my Eyes.  
 I came, my Fair, I came a willing Guest,  
 On thy delicious pleasant Fruits to feast:  
 Of Gums and Myrrh I robb'd each spicy Tree,  
 I sipt the balmy Labours of the Bee:  
 For Me the Vine with purple Clusters glow'd,  
 With Milk the Nut, the Peach with Nectar flow'd:  
 O here, my Fair, for ever let us stay,  
 And spend in Love and Wine the live-long Day.

S H E.

I SLEEP, but still my list'ning Fancy wakes,  
 A Voice informs Me my Beloved speaks;  
 "To thy dear Arms, He cries my lovely Fair,  
 "Receive me from the dark inclement Air:  
 "The Vapours fall, the drizzly Dews distil,  
 "The Drops of Night my Locks with Moisture fill;  
 "Arise, my Fair, unfold the bolted Doors,  
 "Arise, 'tis I, thy Wanderer implores".  
 Alas! the dark'ning Shades my Sandals hide,  
 My Mantle's negligently thrown aside;  
 Can I now find it? or defile again  
 My Feet just wash'd, and from the Bathing clean?

C 3

Yet

Yet will I come all barefoot and undrest,  
And clasp Thee dropping to my warmer Breast.

UPON the Lock my Prince's Fingers move,  
The Sound dissolves my pitying Soul to Love:  
I rose, I flew with Speed to let Him in,  
But too much Haste obstructed my Design;  
O'er ev'ry Bolt my wandring Fingers stray  
Perfum'd, and leave sweet Odours by the Way.  
But when I open'd, Ah! my Love was gone,  
Tir'd out with my Delay, He had withdrawn.  
Sore on my Mind the Disappointment hung,  
My Soul Regret and sharp Vexation stung.  
Again my mournful Voice I sent around,  
But only Echo babbled to the Sound.  
Then madly thro' the silent Street I ran,  
Hoping to find the dear excluded Man:  
Alone I hurried on my giddy Flight,  
Nor fear'd the lurking Dangers of the Night.  
The Watch, to whom I tenderly complain'd,  
With foul Reproach my spotless Honour stain'd:  
My loose Attire the Centinels descry'd,  
And rudely would have drawn my Veil aside.  
Pity my Case, Ye Virgins of the Plain,  
Whene'er Ye take, restore my wand'ring Swain:  
For him I languish, and my lovesick Mind  
Without his Presence no Relief can find.

*CHORUS of VIRGINS.*

How blest, how more than blest the happy Swain:  
For whom so fine a Creature can complain.  
Describe, Thou Fair, this Partner of thy Breast,  
Show us how He so far excells the rest;

O say

O say what Charms, with such superior Grace,  
Finish his Person and adorn his Face.

## S H E.

His Face with far transcendent Beauty glows,  
As the rich Standard in the Squadron shows;  
His Charms such bright distinguish'd Lustre wear,  
Among ten thousand He'd the Chief appear.  
A youthful Red with intermingled White  
Sets off his Features in a pleasing Light;  
Shining his Hair, and of a Raven Black,  
In waving Ringlets falls adown his Back:  
Arm'd with a tender Languishment his Eyes  
Please while they wound, and kill without Surprise:  
So soft, and so alluring. Turtles look,  
That bill and coo beside the curling Brook.  
His blooming Cheeks resemble vernal Flow'rs,  
Warm'd with the Sun and plump with *April* Show'rs.  
His melting Lips like new-blown Rosebuds meet,  
Bedew'd and drooping with a balmy Sweet.  
But Oh! his fragrant Kisses who can tell!  
So much beyond Description they excel.  
Where can his matchless Hand a Rival find?  
So turn'd the Fingers, and so fitly join'd!  
Rings for Embellishment by some are worn;  
His finer Hands the very Gems adorn.  
His Skin, like polish'd Ivory, smooth and fair,  
His Veins like Rows of inlaid Saphires are,  
His shapely Legs like marble Pillars, hold  
The Fabric rising from a Base of Gold.  
His Form a Prospect so inviting wears,  
As crown'd with Cedars *Lebanon* appears,  
When with the sloping Sun 'tis gilded bright,  
And blesses with its Smiles the distant Sight.

Such

SUCH is my Love, Ye Virgins, such the Swain  
That gives me Pleasure with alternate Pain.



## C A N T O VI.

## C H O R U S.

**B**RIGHT Maid, ah! whither is my Charmer  
gone,  
And left Thee here defenceless and alone?  
Tell Us, that we may range the Streets, the Grove,  
Or Garden, till We find the Man You love.

## S H E.

SURE to the Garden he has bent his Flight,  
For there's his Pleasure and his Soul's Delight;  
Nor wonder that all Night he revels there,  
A Wilderness of Spice perfumes the Air;  
Citrons above, and fragrant Flow'rs beneath,  
In ev'ry Walk their grateful Odours breathe:  
Fruits with delicious Pulp his Thirst appease,  
And rising Lillies from his Couch of Ease.  
Happy, if while He views the pleasing Scene,  
Some tender Thoughts of Me break in between.

## H E.

WHAT other Object can Admittance find,  
While You, dear bright Idea, fill my Mind.  
Shou'd *Tirzah* with her gilded Turrets rise,  
The Landkip paint, and mingle with the Skies;

Place

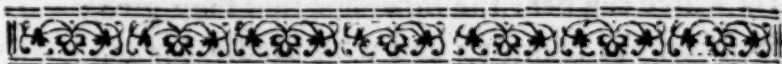
Place but my Fair, my beauteous Princess near,  
 Her Charms the finer Prospect wou'd appear.  
 Shou'd Armies march along in meet Array,  
 Their Spears advance, their Ensigns wide display ;  
 Her Eyes wou'd more exalted Glories dart,  
 With more Surprise wou'd thrill the Gazer's Heart.  
 Nourisht by their propitious Beams I live,  
 Yet scarce can bear the Splendor that they give :  
 So shines the Morning Sun with kindly Light,  
 But who can view his Blaze without an aking Sight ?

UNNUMBER'D Females, of a Form divine,  
 The soft Seraglio's private Walls confine ;  
 Where blooming Virgins ripen to Desire,  
 And bright Sultanas glow with practis'd Fire :  
 Oft, as I sigh amidst the beauteous Throng  
 For all by turns, but not for Any long,  
 From Charm to Charm with eager Gust I rove,  
 Resolv'd to taste Variety of Love ;  
 But soon as I behold my heav'nly Fair,  
 My wandering Fancy stops, and settles there.  
 The Beauties of the Sex I find in One,  
 For She's a Magazine of Charms alone.  
 The slighted Nymphs yet bless her with their Voice,  
 And Envy's self approves the happy Choice.

BUT who is This, that with her glorious Eyes,  
 Looks like the Morn, and emulates the Skies ?  
 Fair as the Moon, reflecting Silver Light,  
 Strong as the golden Sun, and beamy bright.  
 So glittering Spears that gild the dreadful War  
 With fatal Gleams shine trembling from afar.  
 Down in the Grove of Spices as I stood,  
 To view the rising Flow'rs, and pregnant Bud ;

The

The Trees in Verdure Green, with bloomy Shade  
 And mingled Light, a lively Landskip made;  
 Yet when Her distant Eyes like Stars appear,  
 My ready Senses start and center there:  
 Wing'd with Desire, my Soul outflies the Wind,  
 And the bright Scene neglected leaves behind.



## C A N T O VII.

*H E.*

**H**ER slender Feet, most lovely to behold,  
 Are cas'd in Purple Buskins wrought with Gold;  
 Her well-turn'd Legs and full-proportion'd Thighs,  
 Charm by Degrees, and with new Beauty rise;  
 The Joints with Dimples smiling; and above,  
 The Spring of Bliss, the bubbling Fount of Love.  
 Plump is her Belly, but how smoothly plain!  
 Like Fields of Wheat impregnated with Rain;  
 White as the silver Lily's snowy Bloom,  
 Swelling with Dew, and fragrant with Perfume.  
 Her even Breasts like the Roe's Youngling's play,  
 And panting bound luxuriant as They:  
 Like Velvet Buds the Crimson Nipples rise,  
 Firm to the Touch and grateful to the Eyes.  
 Fair as an Ivory Column's tow'ring Height,  
 Her lofty Neck advances to the Sight.  
 Her Eyes reflect the Fountain's limpid Hue,  
 Clear as the Sky and of a heav'nly Blue,  
 Like Beams of milder Light, divinely fair,  
 Bound back and braided shines her silken Hair.

The

The King, in passing her bright Form admires,  
And feels within his Breast soft kindling Fires;  
Held in the Galleries a Slave to Love,  
Intent He gazes, and forgets to move.

How fair art Thou, my Queen, thy Charms how  
bright!

For Pleasure form'd, and finish'd for Delight;  
Tall as the Palm thy Mein, thy juicy Breast,  
Like clust'ring Grapes, inviting to be prest.  
Let me the straight the stately Bole ascend,  
Grasp'd in my Arms the blooming Boughs shall bend;  
The clust'ring Vine in my Embrace shall bleed,  
And on thy fragrant balmy Breath I'll feed.  
Thy Lips, whose Taste exceeds the richest Wine,  
Shall feast my Palate and my Bliss refine:  
This with new Pleasure will our Joys prolong,  
Make Dulness brisk, and wearied Nature young.

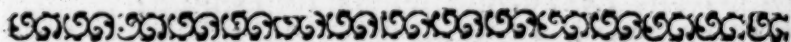
*S H E.*

THY Transports, Love, with what Delight I  
hear!

Such Fondness ravishes my list'ning Ear,  
With Thee I'll range the distant lonely Fields,  
Where the fresh Spring eternal Pleasure yields;  
Where the low Village free from noisy Strife,  
Unheeded drinks the real Sweets of Life.  
There let us lodge, and with the Morning Sun  
Our Course of pleasing Toil together run;  
Observe the Vine its tender Bud disclose,  
How with young Bloom the new Pomegranate glows:  
How ripening Fruits in Embryo appear,  
The grateful Prospect of a plenteous Year.

There

There, on some Bank reclin'd, whilst over Head  
 Embow'ring Jasmines their sweet Odours shed,  
 Clasping and claspt with ever-twining Arms,  
 Unenvy'd I'll enjoy thy manly Charms,  
 Give up my hidden Beauties to thy Sight,  
 And die in Ecstasies of full Delight.



## C A N T O VIII.

S H E.

O H! that thou wert, as once my Brother was,  
 Free and familiar to my fond Embrace;  
 When smiling Both, Both innocent and young,  
 One Breast we suck'd, and on one Bosom hung.  
 Then, without Shame, I'd publicly employ  
 Each passing Minute to improve my Joy.  
 Grasp thy dear Hand, and with a Sister's Kiss  
 Uncensur'd steal a momentary Bliss:  
 And when, impatient of the raging Fire,  
 A mutual Sense shou'd prompt Us to retire.  
 Fearless I'd lead Thee to my Mother's Bed,  
 And on thy Bosom lay my raptur'd Head:  
 By Her instructed in the Arts of Love,  
 My Passion might with aptest Graces move;  
 While rich Collations, crown'd with cordial Wine,  
 To feed our Flame, like Fuel, shou'd combine.

Be gone, ye Female Slaves, my Voice obey;  
 Fly, and attend with Silence far away:  
 Perhaps my Love, to Solitude inclin'd,  
 In gentle Slumbers will indulge his Mind.

*H E.*

LEAN on my Arm, on Me thy Head recline,  
The Care to guard my Charmer's Steps be mine :  
Thy Posture now revives the pleasing Thought  
How Thou wert first to my Embraces brought.  
Beneath a lofty Cedar's gloomy Shade,  
On the green Turf my languid Limbs were laid,  
Thy Mother came, and lo ! She led along  
Her dear *SAPHIRA*, beautiful and young ;  
When straight She gave Thee to my longing Side,  
And I with Ardour seiz'd the blushing Bride.  
The Rest is past Description — ; now no more  
Love was outrageous, for his Fit was o'er :  
I rais'd Thee fainting from the fragrant Green,  
The conscious Print among the Flow'rs was seen ;  
My Arm, as now, sustain'd thy lovely Frame,  
Sweet was the Pleasure then, and now the same.

*S H E.*

LIGHT of my Life, Oh ! take me to thy Heart,  
Nor ever with thy fond *SAPHIRA* part :  
Oh ! seal me, stamp me on thy tender Mind,  
And leave the strong Impression deep behind.  
For Love, like Death, his Scepter sternly sways,  
Whene'er the Tyrant calls, the Slave obeys.  
His Passion, turn'd to Jealousy, will rave  
Fierce as a Whirlwind, cruel as the Grave,  
For ever burnt and burning with Desire,  
As Coals that glow with unconsuming Fire.  
Let gushing Brooks and swelling Torrents roll  
Their cooling Waters o'er the Love-sick Soul,

D

Yet

Yet will survive the bright un sullied Flame,  
 Its Vigour lively, and its Heat the same.  
 Ranfack the solid Globe for Wealth, and sweep  
 The secret Valleys of the unfathom'd Deep,  
 Give all to Love and bribe him to be kind,  
 Yet still you'll feel his Fetters on your Mind :  
 Whate'er you stake, his Value's still above,  
 And nothing balances but Love for Love.

*H E.*

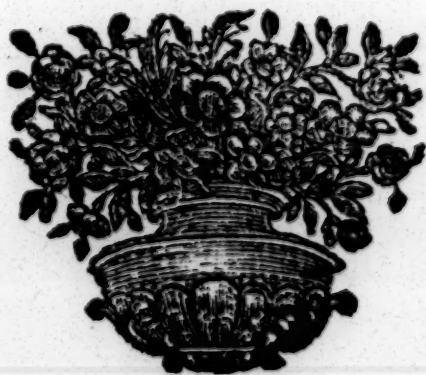
THEN, be it publish'd thro' the spacious East,  
 How much, how dearly *S O L O M O N* is blest ;  
 Shew, how his Palaces and Temples rise,  
 With glitt'ring Roofs aspiring to the Skies ;  
 Paint his fair Gardens, and disclose the Groves,  
 The private Scenes of his repeated Loves ;  
 The purling Falls of Water to invite  
 Soft Slumbers, and divert with fresh Delight :  
 Describe his Ivory Throne, his pompous State,  
 With all the gaudy Names that sound him Great :  
 But tell the World that these are trifling Things  
 Compar'd to Her from whom his Pleasure springs,  
 For Grandeur and for glorious Fame design'd  
 To awe the Vulgar, and amuse Mankind,  
 Mere Bubbles made for Wonder and for Show ;  
 His real Joys from dear *S A P H I R A* flow.

AND, lest the dazzling Mines from *Ophir* brought  
 To After-ages shou'd suggest a Thought,  
 That He, who cou'd command so rich a Prize,  
 Might well be blest, might well be counted wise,  
 Let future Times in lasting Verse be told,  
 His Fair One made him Happy, not his Gold.

SWEET

*S H E.*

SWEET are the Accents of thy heav'nly Voice!  
The Groves are pleas'd, the listning Swains rejoice;  
The little Birds suspend their flutt'ring Wing,  
Hover in Silence, and forget to sing.  
Once more with that enchanting Musick chear  
My longing Soul, my fond expecting Ear.  
O come with all thy dear delightful Charms:  
Rush on my Breast and dart into my Arms:  
Oh, haste, my Life, and with thy nimble Speed  
The Mountain Roe or the wild Hart exceed.

*F I N I S.*





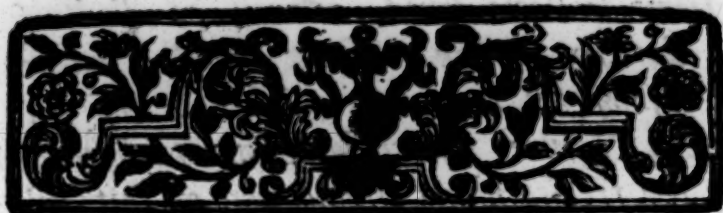
OCCASIONAL  
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By the same A U T H O R.



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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE kind Reception with which my late Pupil's Performance has been entertain'd by People of a distinguish'd Taste and Condition, has gone so far as to honour it with several new Impressions; which the Printer having thought proper to set forth in a Size more convenient for the Hand or Pocket, he importun'd me for some other Pieces of the Author to fill up the supernumerary Pages of his last Sheet. Therefore, in Compliance with his Request, I sent him the following Poems, as what I judg'd sufficient for the Supplement he desired: And their being turn'd so much upon the Subject of Love, makes them the less unfit to be added upon this Occasion. I believe the Remains which I have of his, are enough to fill a pretty large Volume; which may all in their several Turns see the Light. These which are here communicated to the Town were some of them written during the Time of an Excursion, which the young Gentleman made to London, some few Winters ago. Where-ever he went, Love was still uppermost in his Mind; so that  
be

*be seems to have lived, as well as died, for that darling Passion. I cou'd wish it had excluded from his Imagination Thoughts of a less innocent Nature, which he seems to borrow'd from the free-thinking Frequenters of Button's; since I can't help suspecting that those, who are so apt to expatiate upon the pious Frauds of the ancient Heathens, would (if they durst) be little less forward in their Constructions of the Rites and Ceremonies of modern Christianity.*

Oxon. Feb. 15, 1720.



T H E



T H E  
MIDSUMMER WISH.

— *Quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi  
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!* Virg.

*Written when the Author was at Eton School.*

**W** A F T me some soft and cooling Breeze,  
To *Windsor's* shady kind Retreat,  
Where Silvan Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,  
Repel the Dogstar's raging Heat :

Where tufted Grass, and mossy Beds  
Afford a rural calm Repose ;  
Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,  
And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

Old Oozy *Thames* that flows fast by  
Along the smiling Valley plays ;  
His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,  
And thro' the flow'ry Meadows strays.

His fertile Banks with Herbage green,  
His Vales with golden Plenty swell,  
Where-e'er his purer Streams are seen,  
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let

Let me thy clear thy yielding Wave  
 With naked Arm once more divide,  
 In Thee my glowing Bosom lave,  
 And cut the gently-rolling Tide.

Lay me, with Damask Roses crown'd,  
 Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade,  
 Where Water-Lillies deck the Ground,  
 Where bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,  
 With azure Mantle slightly drest.  
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair,  
 Ye Zephyrs fan her panting Breast.

O haste away, fair Maid, and bring  
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love;  
 To Thee alone the Muse shall sing,  
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.



# S Y L V I A.

**W**ERE I invited to a Nectar Feast  
 In *Heaven*, and *Venus* nam'd me for her  
 Guest;

Tho' *Mercury* the Messenger should prove,  
 Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;  
 At the same Instant let but honest *Tom*  
 From *Sylvia's* dear terrestrial Lodging come,  
 With Look important say—*desires—at Three*  
*Alone—your Company—to drink some Tea.*  
 Tho' *Tom* were mortal, *Mercury* divine;  
 Tho' *Sylvia* gave me Water, *Venus* Wine;

Tho'

Tho' *Heaven* was here, and *Bowstreet* lay as far  
 As the vast Distance of the utmost Star;  
 To *Sylvia's* Arms with all my Strength I'd fly;  
 Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.

To S Y L V I A.

STILL let us love, my *Sylvia*, and be wise;  
 Look grave sometimes, but in our Heart de-  
 spise

The Things which formal Hypocrites advise.

The Sun, whose flagging Beams decline at Night,  
 Rises each Morn with fresh recruited Light:

But We, when once we've spent our scanty Day,  
 Must bid good-night to Pleasure, Love and Play,  
 And sleep a whole Eternity away,

Then, while You live, be constant to employ

Each ebbing Moment in the Affairs of Joy;

When Privacy permits, and Youth requires,

Exert your Strength, and light up all your Fires;

Wrestling detain the Angel of Delight,

And force a Blessing ere he takes his Flight.

Ten thousand Kisses let your Lips prepare,

The balmy Prelude to the Lover's War,

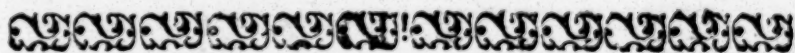
Thick as the whirling Sands on *Libya's* Coast,

Suck'd in Confusion, and in Rapture lost.

O *Venus*! grant thy Suppliant such a Death;  
 O'erwhelm'd in Storms like This to lose his Breath.

Or

Or when the fated Point of Time draws nigh,  
 Stretch'd on the sacred Altar let me lie,  
*Sylvia* the Priestess, and the Victim I.  
 As under *Ida's* Shades, Almighty *Jove*,  
 Bath'd in the Sweets of soft ambrosial Love,]  
 Exhausted lay on *Juno's* panting Breast,  
 Godlike dissolving to immortal Rest.



To S Y L V I A.

S Y L V I A, for ever lovely, dearest Maid,  
 With You compar'd, the Lily and the Rose  
 O'erwhelm'd in Grief recline their dewy Head,  
 Nor This so pure, nor That so blooming shows:  
 In every Clime your opening Beauties bring  
*Flora's* whole Wardrobe, a perpetual Spring.

Unlock the Tresses of your burnish'd Hair,  
 Loose let the Ringlets o'er your Shoulders spread,  
 Thus mix'd, We view them more distinctly fair,  
 Like Trails of golden Wire on Ivory laid.  
 So *Phæbus* o'er the yielding *Æther* streams,  
 And streaks the silver Clouds with brighter Beams.

Some finely turn'd your polish'd Eyebrows rise,  
 As model'd by young *Cupid's* heav'nly Bow;  
 And sure his fatal Shafts are in your Eyes,  
 Which at the gazing World in sport you throw.  
 O Nymph, to ease your Lover's throbbing Smart,  
 Yield, and prepare for a revenging Dart.

You

Your honied Lips, like fair Vermillion bright,  
 Moist as *Dione's* with a balmy Sweet,  
 Pouting for Kisses, swell to give Delight,  
 And part commodiously with mine to meet.  
 O come, like Doves, my *Sylvia*, let us bill,  
 Foin, thrust, and parry with ingenious Skill.

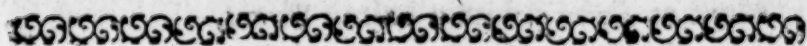
But stop! for so excessive is the Bliss,  
 It shoots like Poison thro' my vital Blood,  
 With pleasing Pain you stab at ev'ry Kiss,  
 O Gods! and torture while You're kindly Good.  
 Too lovely Maid! regard my cruel Case,  
 And heal me with a full compleat Embrace.

What rosy Odours your soft Bosom yields!  
 Heaving and falling gently as You breathe:  
 Like Hills that rise amidst fair fertile Fields,  
 With round smooth Tops and flow'ry Vales beneath.

So swell the candid *Alps* with fleecy Snow,  
 While Myrtles bud, and Violets bloom below.

Your Speech like Music flows in charming Strains,  
 Your fragrant Kisses with Delight I taste,  
 Your Touch like Lightning trembles thro' my Veins,  
 And wakes my Fancy to a fresh Repast.  
 Raptures on Raptures, an eternal Round,  
 And Joys on Joys successively abound.

If the fam'd Pow'rs such Fruition share  
 In Transports which their Appetites refine,  
 If Love and Pleasure are the Business there,  
 What Bliss have They more exquisite than mine?  
*Sylvia*, like Heav'n, does every Sense improve,  
 And melts down ev'ry Passion into Love.



## HEATHEN PRIESTCRAFT.

FROM THE

*First Book of Ovid's Fastorum.*

**I** Grant that ever since the World began  
The God's claim'd Worship from their Creature  
Man;

But then, in Off'rings frugal as in Food,  
Their Altars stood unstain'd with Victim Blood;  
They offer'd best who practis'd to be good. }  
As yet no foreign Ship with Spices fraught  
Had Myrrh and Frankincense from *India* brought.  
Far off conceal'd along *Euphrates*' Shore  
Those balmy Shrubs their fragrant Blossoms bore.  
Unvalu'd the rich Cordial *Crocus* grew,  
Or only valu'd for its purple Hue.

The Priests their Virtues first perceiv'd, and then  
The God requir'd 'em at the Hands of Men.  
Before green Potherbs of good savory Smell,  
The Product of each Garden, serv'd as well;  
Or branching Laurel, crackling as it blaz'd,  
In blueish Fumes the angry Gods appeas'd.  
Fresh Garlands, woven from the flow'ry Bank,  
Were deem'd Oblations of sufficient Rank:  
Violets, if twisted in among the rest,  
Brib'd high, and ev'n pronounc'd the Suppliant blest.

Sharp Tools to kill and carve the slaughter'd Beast,  
Were since invented by some Butcher Priest;

Who

Who wisely finding that the Flesh was good,  
 Feign'd that the Gods must be appeas'd with Blood,  
*Ceres* in Wrath demands the routing Swine,  
*Bacchus* the Goat, for nibbling of his Vine.  
 The Sheep and Ox, accus'd of no Offence,  
 Seem'd to be doom'd without the least Pretence,  
 But our discreet Divines declare that these  
 Do, best of all, the Pow'rs immortal please,  
 That the Gods leave their Heaven for such a Treat;  
 True; for broil'd Cutlets are delicious Meat.

But yet sometimes, to shift the artful Scene,  
 Some Gods are honour'd with a Beast unclean;  
 If all which they requir'd were good to eat,  
 'Twould make Mankind suspect it all a Cheat;  
 Some Rites indifferent must be duly mixt,  
 To shuffle with the rest, and come betwixt:  
 Thus argues the designing crafty Priest,  
 And thus conceals and carries on the Jest.  
 Therefore a Dog at *Trivia's* Altar dies;  
 Or a dead Horse may be a Sacrifice:  
 Such as the *Persians* offer to the Sun,  
 Because he's active and well made to run.  
 For, whether all the juggling Pranks they do  
 Are advantageous to themselves, or no,  
 The Priesthood still give Reasons for each Trick,  
 And make 'em all significant alike.  
 Gallant *Priapus*, Guardian of our Fruit,  
 An Ass requires, that aukward heavy Brute.  
 But hear the Cause his reverend Clergy give;  
 'Tis no unpleasant Legend, as I live.

When ancient *Greece* triennial Honours paid  
 To *Bacchus* with the Ivy-circled Head,

Each rural Deity was made a Guest,  
 And chear'd with mirthful Pleasantries the Feast.  
*Pan* and his Crew of lustful Satyrs came,  
 Whose youthful Blood burnt with Venereal Flame :  
 For the bright Nymphs, from every Stream and Grove  
 Assembled there, inspir'd their Hearts with Love.  
 There old *Silenus* came, in usual State,  
 Astride his Afs, ridiculously great.  
 There the rough \* Patron of the Gardens too  
 With well-hung Ensign march'd expos'd to View ;  
 And came where all the Company was laid  
 On mossy Beds beneath a spreading Shade.  
 There Wine by *Bacchus* was supply'd alone,  
 But each was crown'd with Garlands of his own.  
 A limpid Brook roll'd thro' the matted Grass,  
 At once to cool and qualify the Glass.  
 The woody Nymphs, Part with loose flowing Hair,  
 Their snowy Necks, and heaving Breasts all bare,  
 Part drest, and with embreded Tresses crown'd,  
 Their shapely Legs in silver Buskins bound,  
 With lily Hands, the fragrant Dinner drest,  
 And added to the Flavour of the Feast.  
 The gentle Breeze that wav'd their thin Attire,  
 Fan'd in the rural Gods an am'rous Fire.  
 There *Pan*, his Bow begirt with Mountain Pines,  
 Ogling, in Sighs his captive Heart resigns.  
*Silenus* too with untam'd Lust was stung,  
 Whose everlasting Lewdness keeps him Young.  
 But stiff *Priapus*, Warden of the Groves,  
 With *Lotis* smitten, only *Lotis* loves :  
 On her his Wishes and his Eyes are fix'd,  
 And all his Talk with double Meanings mix'd.

---

\* *Priapus*.

But Beauty's often temper'd with Disdain,  
 The Fair with Scorn regards her Lover's Pain :  
 She awes the Letcher with a distant Pride,  
 And haughty Smiles his public Flame deride.

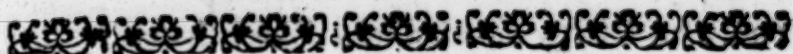
Now Night advanc'd, and Wine and Revels done,  
 Easy Repose with gentle Sleep came on.  
 The burning God observ'd where, tir'd with Play,  
*Lotis* beneath a shady Maple lay ;  
 Stretch'd out supine upon a grassy Bed,  
 Upon a flow'ry Turf reclin'd her Head.  
 He rose, and, silent as the Steps of Death,  
 On Tiptoe softly stealing, held his Breath :  
 Till he had crept within the blisful Bow'r  
 That gave his utmost Wishes to his Pow'r.  
 And now, afraid, left ev'ry moving Air,  
 E'en her own Breath might wake the slumb'ring Fair,  
 The neighb'ring Turf with tender Care he prest ;  
 Still lay the Nymph o'erwhelm'd in downy Rest :  
 O'erjoy'd the God her Vesture upward drew,  
 And to the Goal with furious Vigour flew ;  
 When the grave Pad of old *Silenus* bray'd,  
 And most unluckily his Plot betray'd.  
 The Nymph awaken'd strove with all her Might  
 To stop the eager Dotard's fond Delight,  
 And, rolling sidelong from his hot Embrace,  
 Scream'd out and fill'd with loud Alarms the Place.  
 The silver Moon, just breaking from a Cloud,  
 Show'd where the God in strange Confusion stood,  
 Too well provided for the Feats of Love,  
 And quite expos'd to all the laughing Grove.

For this the Ass was victim'd, and from hence  
 All Asses suffer for that One's Offence.

The feather'd Warblers, whose melodious Lay  
Gladdens the Shade from ev'ry leafy Spray,  
With Love and Innocence securely blest,  
Might hope to 'scape the bloody-minded Priest.  
But these, they say, the Gods command to kill,  
As Creatures that reveal the heav'nly Will;  
When in swift Flight they stretch their painted Wing,  
Or when they raise their thrilling Voice and sing.  
Thus from her Mate the spotless Turtle torn  
Is often to the flaming Altar born.  
Thus Geese for *Io's* splendid Feast are carv'd,  
Tho' once a Goose the Capitol preserv'd.  
Nor aught avails the Cock his coral Crest,  
His shining Plumes, and glossy varying Breast,  
Since his shrill Note, which wakes the Morning Light,  
Offends the gloomy Goddess of the Night.

Thus says the Priest, providing at his Wish  
A roasted Goose, that very special Dish.  
And, to reward his sacerdotal Toil,  
For him the Cock, for him the Pidgeons broil.





T H E  
N A K E D T R U T H.

*From the Second Book of Ovid's Fastorum.*

O F the gay *Sylvan* God that widely roves  
O'er fair *Arcadia's* Plains, and shady Groves,  
That haunts each gurgling Spring, and flow'ry Dale,  
Where opening *Tempe* spreads its happy Vale,  
Where green *Cyllene* rears her lofty Head,  
And streaming *Ladon* cuts the grassy Mead,  
Of *Faunus* is my Song. Assist my Verse,  
O woody Saint, while I thy Rites rehearse.

Rome, for strict Piety of old renown'd,  
With Flowrets sweet thy verdant Altars crown'd,  
With Thee her wide *Pantheon* pleas'd to grace;  
Tho' now inferior Saintlings fill the Place:  
At thine, the giddy superstitious Crowd,  
As now at their Processions, star'd and bow'd.  
On *Faunus'* Feast they sanctify'd the Day  
With Rubric, Temple, Carnival and Play.  
But sure their Cult indecently they paid,  
And Nature's Privacies too much display'd;  
Uncloath'd thy Priests their mystic Measures trod,  
And naked honour'd Thee their naked God.  
Forgive the Muse, if ludicrously bold  
The wanton Maid thy Secrets dare unfold;

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And naked honour'd Thee their naked God.  
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The wanton Maid thy Secrets dare unfold;

If she, jocosely, the fabled Cause relates,  
To see his Clergy cloath'd why *Faunus* hates.

'Twas Summer; *Phæbus*, with declining Ray,  
Began to slope the tedious sultry Day;  
When *Faunus*, circled with his horned Throng,  
On the soft Turf securely lay along.  
Here from the Chace fatigu'd, and faint with Heat,  
Under the Shade he sought a cool Retreat.  
No sunny Beams here pierc'd the leafy Trees,  
Which nor excluded quite the fanning Breeze,  
The fanning Breeze among the Branches blew,  
And open'd, to the North, a distant View.  
From hence the goatish Deity descry'd  
*Alcides* walking with his *Lydian* Bride,  
When starting, with an amorous Look he gaz'd,  
And while he look'd, her blooming Beauty prais'd.  
O happy Swain! he gently sighing said,  
Who uncontroll'd enjoy so bright a Maid;  
Stop, and with one dear Sight a Rival blest,  
Let me admire the Nymph whom you possess.  
And you, brown Mountain Goddesses, whose Charms  
Fade in the Light which now my Bosom warms,  
No more with ill-plac'd Love I'll kneel to You;  
Adieu, brown Mountain Goddesses, adieu.

Thus, as she walk'd, her Air and gay Attire  
Fed the quick Flames of his prevailing Fire.  
Her snowy Neck embrown'd with flowing Hair,  
Like Light in Shades appear'd more brightly fair.  
Embroider'd Gold her Purple Mantua grac'd,  
A golden Girdle bound her slender Waist,  
A gilt Umbrella *Hercules* upheld,  
Which from the Fair the scorching Beams repell'd.

Now

Now Time, insensibly beguil'd with Talk,  
Brings Evening on, and finishes their Walk :  
*Hesper's* bright Lamp flames in the ruddy West,  
And shews the busy World 'tis Time to rest.  
Down the descending Mount they take their Way,  
And winding Vineyards o'er the Vale survey :  
And now are at their coolly Grot arriv'd,  
By Nature imitating Art contriv'd.  
The Roof with unhewn Pumice vaulted hung,  
Round the rough Entrance clasping Ivy clung.  
Near which a purling Spring that down distill'd,  
A Cistern hollow'd with its dropping, fill'd.

Here, while the Servants, with officious Haste,  
Prepar'd for Supper, and the Side-board plac'd,  
The sprightly Nymph a frolic Fancy try'd,  
And dress'd her rough *Alcides* like a Bride.  
A Crimson Pall, varied with purple Hue,  
Of finest Silk she o'er his Shoulders threw ;  
Then with her scanty Girdle wou'd have brac'd  
The ample Circuit of his brawny Waist ;  
And giggled much his Limbs so large to find,  
As in her widen'd Plaits were scarce confin'd.  
Herself put on the Lion's shaggy Hide,  
The weighty Quiver rattled at her Side ;  
Then grasp'd the Club the mighty Hero bore,  
Which never felt so soft a Touch before.  
Thus, for a Whim, preposterously clad,  
They supp'd and went to Bed in Masquerade :  
But lay that Night apart, resolv'd to rise  
And chastely pay their Morning Sacrifice :  
A Tribute due to *Bacchus* the Divine,  
The Author of all Good, Love, Mirth, and Wine.

Now

Now all was hush'd, for now 'twas midnight Hour,  
 When *Faunus* ventur'd to the rosy Bow'r.  
 Love, whose insinuating tickling Dart  
 To Action can excite e'en Woman's Heart,  
 Drove the hot Lover from his shady Home  
 On dangerous Attempts abroad to roam,  
 Thro' all the gloomy Horrors of the Night,  
 Scorning unmanly Fear and pale Affright.  
 And now, the Entry to the Grotto found,  
 He spread his bawdy Hands, and grop'd around.  
 Here first, embalm'd in Wine, the Servants lay,  
 Careless, and snor'd the live-long Night away.  
 The blund'ring God, his Hopes from hence advanc'd.  
 To find their quaffing Lord as deep entranc'd,  
 Arm'd with a greater Boldness ventur'd in,  
 And thought to act secure the luscious Sin.  
 First, by good Hap, the blissful Bed he found,  
 Which with Success his Wishes might have crown'd.  
 But when will sublunary Creatures dare  
 To trust their Wants with Providence's Care?  
 Each on his own Discretion still relies,  
 And most mistakes, when most he thinks he's wise.  
 Thus far'd the God; who, had he not believ'd  
 His own Surmises, ne'er had been deceiv'd.  
 For when he felt the shaggy Lion's Hair,  
 The rugged Covering of the comely Fair,  
 Struck with a sudden Dread he started back,  
 As when the Shepherd in the thorny Brake  
 Treads unawares upon a sleeping Snake.  
 Then, stealing forward to th' adjoining Couch,  
 Whose Silk with Softness met his gentle Touch,  
 He mounted on the Side that next him lay,  
 His Spear advanc'd and ready for the Fray.

But

But lifting up the Cloaths, and feeling there,  
 He found huge Legs all rough with thickset Hair.  
 Surpriz'd, and groping farther, still in vain,  
 His curious Search alarm'd the sturdy Swain,  
 Whose backstroke Fift recoiling at his Head  
 Tumbled the *Sylvan* from the lofty Bed.  
 The Noise disturb'd the Nymph, who in a Fright  
 Call'd up the Slaves, and bid them bring a Light.  
 A Light was brought; which soon discover'd All;  
 Poor *Faunus* bruis'd and groaning with his Fall;  
 Who scarce could raise his batter'd Limbs from  
 Ground:

A Ridicule to all the drunken Vassals round.  
 Loud laugh'd the well-begotten Son of *Jove*,  
 The *Lydian Damsel* laugh'd, to see her Love  
 With uncouth Pain distort his Satyr's Face,  
 Asham'd and limping from th' unlucky Place.

The God, by Cloath's thus fatally beguil'd,  
 His Hopes betray'd, his am'rous Fancy foil'd,  
 Hates all Attire; and hence his wanton Priests  
 Admit the Naked only to his Feasts.

Then, to refresh and purify the Heart,  
 Divines would only view each outward Part,  
 But modern *Rome*, to scour us all from Sin,  
 Appoints a prying Priest to peep within.  
 Both bent to know the Secrets of Mankind,  
 The Body Those perus'd, but these the Mind.

O N  
F L O R I N D A,

*Seen while she was bathing.*

**T**WAS Summer and the clear resplendent  
Moon

Shedding far o'er the Plains her full-orb'd Light,  
Among the lesser Stars distinctly shone,

Despoiling of its Gloom the scanty Night,  
When, walking forth, a lonely Path I took  
Nigh the fair Border of a purling Brook.

Sweet and refreshing was the Midnight Air,

Whose gentle Motions hush'd the silent Grove;  
Silent, unless when prick'd with wakeful Care

*Philomel* warbled out her Tale of Love:  
While blooming Flowers, which in the Meadows grew,  
O'er all the Place their blendid Odours threw.

Just by, the limpid River's crystal Wave,

Its Eddies gilt with *Phæbe's* silver Ray,  
Still as it flow'd a glittering Lustre gave

With glancing Gleams that emulate the Day;  
Yet, Oh! not half so bright as those that rise  
Where young *Florinda* bends her smiling Eyes.

Whatever pleasing Views my Senses meet,

Her intermingled Charms improve the Theme;  
The warbling Birds, the Flow'rs that breathe so sweet,  
And the soft Surface of the dimpled Stream,

Resembling

Resembling in the Nymph some lovely Part,  
With Pleasures more exalted seize my Heart.

Rapt in these Thoughts I negligently rov'd,  
Imagin'd Transports all my Soul employ,  
When the delightful Voice of her I lov'd  
Sent thro' the Shades a Sound of real Joy.  
Confus'd it came, with giggling Laughter mixt,  
And Echo from the Banks reply'd betwixt.

Inspir'd with Hope, unborn with light Desire,  
To the dear Place my ready Footsteps tend,  
Quick, as when kindling Trails of active Fire  
Up to their native Firmament ascend:  
There shrouded in the Briers unseen I stood,  
And thro' the Leaves survey'd the neighb'ring Flood.

*Florinda*, with two Sister Nymphs, undrest,  
Within the Channel of the cool Tide,  
By bathing sought to sooth her Virgin Breast,  
Nor could the Night her dazzling Beauties hide:  
Her Features, glowing with eternal Bloom,  
Darted like *Hesper*, thro' the dusky Gloom.

Her Hair bound backward in a spiral Wreath  
Her upper Beauties to my Sight betray'd;  
The happy Stream concealing those beneath,  
Around her Waist with circling Waters play'd;  
Who, while the Fair One on his Bosom sported,  
Her dainty Limbs with liquid Kisses courted.

A thousand *Cupids* with 'their infant Arms  
Swam paddling in the Current here and there;  
Some, with Smiles innocent, remark'd the Charms  
Of the regardless undesigning Fair;

Some, with their little Eben Bows full-bended,  
And levell'd Shafts, the naked Girl defended.

Her Eyes, her Lips, her Breasts exactly round,  
Of Lily Hue, unnumber'd Arrows sent ;  
Which to my Heart an easy Passage found,  
Thrill'd in my Bones, and thro' my Marrow went :  
Some bubbling upward thro' the Water came,  
Prepar'd by Fancy to augment my Flame.

Ah Love ! how ill I bore thy pleasing Pain !  
For while the tempting Scene so near I view'd,  
A fierce Impatience throb'd in every Vein,  
Discretion fled, and Reason lay subdu'd ;  
My Blood beat high, and with its trembling made  
A strange Commotion in the rustling Shade.

Fear seiz'd the timorous *Naiads* all aghast  
Their boiling Spirits at the Omen sink,  
Their Eyes they wildly on each other cast,  
And meditate to gain the farther Brink ;  
When in I plung'd, resolving to assuage  
In the cool Gulph Love's importuning Rage.

Ah, stay *Florinda* ! (so I meant to speak)  
Let not from Love the loveliest Object fly !  
But ere I spoke, a loud combining Squeak  
From shrilling Voices pierc'd the distant Sky :  
When straight, as each was their peculiar Care,  
Th' immortal Pow'rs to bring Relief prepare.

A golden Cloud descended from above,  
Like that which whilom hung on *Ida's* Brow,  
Where *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,  
As then to *Paris*, were conspicuous now.

Each

Each Goddess seiz'd her fav'rite Charge and threw  
Around her Limbs a Robe of azure Hue.

But *Venus*, who with Pity saw my Flame  
Kindled by her own *Amoret* so bright,  
Approv'd in private what she seem'd to blame,  
And blest'd me with a Vision of Delight :  
Careless she dropt *Florinda's* Veil aside,  
That nothing ought her choicest Beauties hide.

I saw *Elysium* and the milky Way  
Fair-opening to the Shades beneath her Breast ;  
In *Venus' Lap* the struggling Wanton lay,  
And, while she strove to hide, reveal'd the rest.  
A Mole embrown'd with no unseemly Grace,  
Grew near, embellishing the sacred Place.

So pleas'd I view'd, as one fatigu'd with Heat,  
Who near at hand beholds a shady Bow'r,  
Joyful, in Hope amidst the kind Retreat  
To shun the Day-star in his Noontide Hour ;  
Or 'as when parch'd with drougthy Thirst he spies  
A mossy Grot whence purest Waters rise.

So I *Florinda*——but beheld in vain :  
Like *Tantalus*, who in the Realms below  
See blushing Fruits, which to increase his Pain,  
When he attempts to eat, his taste forego.  
O *Venus* ! give me more, or let me drink  
Of *Lethe's* Fountain, and forget to think.

F I N I S.

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# *Heloise to Abelard.*

A

P O E M.

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By Mr. P O P E.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year, 1751.

(Price One Shilling.)

History of Abolition.

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1844



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## HELOISE TO ABELARD.

A

## P O E M.

**I**N these deep Solitudes and awful Cells,  
Where heav'nly penfive Contemplation dwells,  
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,  
What means this Tumult in a Vestal's Veins?  
Why rove my Thoughts beyond this last Retreat?  
Why feels my Heart its long-forgotten Heat?  
Yet, yet I love! ——— From *Abelard* it came,  
And *Heloise* yet must kiss the Name.

DEAR fatal Name! rest ever unreveal'd,  
Nor pass these Lips in holy Silence seal'd;  
Hide it, my Heart, within that close Disguise,  
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies:  
Oh write it not, my Hand ——— the Name appears  
Already written ——— wash it out my Tears!  
In vain lost *Heloise* weeps and prays,  
Her Heart still dictates what her Hand obeys.  
Relentless Walls! whose darksome Round contains  
Repentant Sighs and voluntary Pains;  
Ye rugged Rocks! which holy Knees have worn;  
Ye Grotts and Caverns shagg'd with horrid Thorn!  
Shrines! where their Vigils pale-ey'd Virgins keep,  
And pitying Saints, whose Statues learn to weep!  
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,  
I have not yet forgot myself to Stone.

Heav'n

Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he has part,  
 Still Rebel Nature holds out half my Heart ;  
 Nor Pray'rs nor Fasts its stubborn Pulse restrain,  
 Nor Tears, for Ages, taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy Letters trembling I uncloſe,  
 That well-known Name awakens all my Woes,  
 Oh Name for ever ſad ! for ever dear !  
 Still breath'd in Sighs, ſtill uſher'd with a Tear.  
 I tremble too where'er my own I find,  
 Some dire Miſfortune follows cloſe behind.  
 Line after Line my guſhing Eyes o'erflow,  
 Led thro' a ſad Variety of Woe :  
 Now warm in Love, now with'ring in thy Bloom,  
 Loſt in a Convent's ſolitary Gloom !  
 There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling Flame,  
 There dy'd the beſt of Paſſions, Love and Fame.

YET write, oh ! write me all, that I may join  
 Grief to thy Griefs, and echo Sighs to thine.  
 Nor Foes nor Fortune take this Pow'r away ;  
 And is my *Abelard* leſs kind than they ?  
 Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,  
 Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in Pray'r ;  
 No happier Taſk theſe faded Eyes purſue ;  
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

THEN ſhare thy Pain, allow that ſad Relief ;  
 Ah, more than ſhare it ! give me all thy Grief.  
 Heav'n firſt taught Letters for ſome Wretch's Aid,  
 Some baniſh'd Lover, or ſome captive Maid ;  
 They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what Love inſpires,  
 Warm from the Soul, and faithful to its Fires,  
 The Virgin's Wiſh without her Fears impart,  
 Excuse the Bluſh, and pour out all the Heart,  
 Speed the ſoft Intercourſe from Soul to Soul,  
 And waſt a Sigh from *Indus* to the *Pole*.

THOU know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy Flame,  
 When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's Name ;  
 My Fancy form'd thee of angelick Kind,  
 Some Emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind,  
 Thoſe ſmiling Eyes, attempting ev'ry Ray,  
 Shone ſweetly lambent with celeftial Day.

Guiltleſs

Guiltless I gaz'd, Heav'n listen'd while you sung;  
 And Truth divine came mended from that Tongue.  
 From Lips like those what Precept fail'd to move?  
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no Sin to love:  
 Back thro' the Paths of pleasing Sense I ran,  
 Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a MAN.  
 Dim and remote the Joys of Saints I see;  
 Nor envy them that Heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft', when prest to Marriage, have I said,  
 Curse on all Laws but those which Love has made?  
 Love, free as Air, at Sight of Human Ties,  
 Spreads his light Wings, and in a Moment flies.  
 Let Wealth, let Honour, wait the wedded Dame,  
 August her Deed, and sacred be her Fame;  
 Before true Passion all those Deeds remove,  
 Fame, Wealth, and Honour! what are you to love?  
 The jealous God, when we prophane his Fires,  
 Those restless Passions in Revenge inspires,  
 And bids them make mistaken Mortals groan,  
 Who seek for Love in aught but Love alone.  
 Should at my Feet the World's great Master fall,  
 Himself, his Throne, his World, I'd scorn 'em all,  
 Nor CÆSAR's Empress wou'd I deign to prove;  
 No, make me Mistress to the Man I love;  
 If there be yet another Name, more free,  
 More fond than Mistress, make me that to thee!  
 Oh happy State! when Souls each other draw,  
 When Love is Liberty, and Nature, Law;  
 All then is full, *possessing*, and *possess'd*,  
 No craving Void left aking in the Breast:  
 Ev'n Thought meets Thought, e'er from the Lips it part,  
 And each warm Wish springs mutual from the Heart.  
 This sure is Bliss (if Bliss on Earth there be)  
 And once the Lot of *Abelard* and Me.

ALAS how chang'd! what sudden Horrors rise!  
 A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!  
 Where, where was *Heloise*! Her Voice, her Hand,  
 Her Ponyard had oppos'd the dire Command,  
 ' Barbarian stay! That bloody Stroke restrain,  
 ' The Crime was common, common be the Pain.'

I can

I can no more ; by Shame, by Rage suppress'd,  
Let Fears, and burning Blushes speak the rest.

CANST thou forget that sad, that solemn Day,  
When Victims at your Altar's Foot we lay ?  
Canst thou forget what Tears that Moment fell,  
When, warm in Youth, I bad the World farewell ?  
As with cold Lips I kiss'd the sacred Veil,  
The Shrines all trembled and the Lamps grew pale :  
Heav'n scarce believ'd the Conquest it survey'd,  
And Saints with Wonder heard the Vows I made.  
Yet then to those dread Altars as I drew,  
Not on the Cross my Eyes were fix'd, but You,  
Nor Grace, or Zeal, Love only was my call,  
And if I lose thy Love, I lose my All.  
Come ! with thy Looks, thy Words, relieve my Woe ;  
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.  
Still on that Breast enamour'd let me lie,  
Still drink delicious Poison from thy Eye,  
Pant on thy Lip, and to thy Heart be press'd ;  
Give all thou canst——and let me dream the rest.  
Ah no ! instruct me other Joys to prize,  
With other Beauties charm my partial Eyes.  
Full in my View set all the bright Abode,  
And make my Soul quit *Abelard* for God.

Am think at least thy Flock deserves thy Care,  
Plants of thy Hand, and Children of thy Pray'r.  
From the false World in early Youth they fled,  
By thee to Mountains, Wilds, and Deserts led.  
You rais'd these hallow'd Walls ; the Desert smil'd.  
And Providence was open'd in the Wild.  
No weeping Orphan saw his Father's Stores,  
Our Shrines irradiate, or embrace the Floors.  
No Silver Saints, by dying Misers giv'n,  
Here brib'd the Rage of ill-requested Heav'n :  
But such plain Roofs as Piety could raise,  
And only vocal with the Maker's Praise.  
In these lone Walls (their Day's eternal Bound)  
These Moss-grown Domes with spiry Turrets crown'd ;  
Where awful Arches make a Noon-day Night,  
And the dim Windows shed a solemn Light ;

Thy

Thy Eyes diffus'd a reconciling Ray,  
 And Gleams of Glory brighten'd all the Day.  
 But now no Face divine Contentment wears,  
 'Tis all black Sadness, or continual Tears.  
 See how the force of others Pray'rs I try,  
 (Oh pious fraud of am'rous Charity !)  
 But why should I on others Pray'rs depend ?  
 Come thou, my Father, Brother, Husband, Friend !  
 Ah let thy Handmaid, Sister, Daughter move,  
 And, all those tender Names in one, thy Love !  
 The darksome Pines that o'er yon' Rocks reclin'd,  
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow Wind,  
 The wand'ring Streams that shine between the Hills,  
 The Grots that echo to the tinkling Rills,  
 The dying Gales that pant upon the Trees,  
 The Lakes that quiver to the curling Breeze ;  
 No more these Scenes my Meditation aid,  
 Or lull to rest the visionary Maid.

But o'er the twilight Groves, and dusky Caves,  
 Long-sounding Isles, and intermingled Graves,  
 Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws  
 A death-like Silence, and a dread Repose :  
 Her gloomy Presence saddens all the Scene,  
 Shades ev'ry Flow'r, and darkens ev'ry Green,  
 Deepens the Murmur of the falling Floods,  
 And breathes a browner Horror on the Woods.

YET here for ever, ever must I stay ;  
 Sad Proof how well a Lover can obey !  
 Death, only Death, can break the lasting Chain ;  
 And here ev'n then, shall my cold Dust remain ;  
 Here all its Frailties, all its Flames resign,  
 And wait 'till 'tis no Sin to mix with thine.

AH Wretch ! believ'd the Spouse of God in vain,  
 Confess'd within the Slave of Love and Man.  
 Assist me Heav'n ! but whence arose that Pray'r ?  
 Sprung it from Piety, or from Despair ?  
 Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,  
 Love finds an Altar for forbidden Fires.  
 I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;  
 I mourn the Lover, not lament the Fault ;

I view

I view my Crime, but kindle at the View,  
 Repent old Pleasures, and solicit new ;  
 Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my past Offence,  
 Now think of thee, and curse my Innocence.  
 Of all Affliction taught a Lover yet,  
 'Tis sure the hardest Science, to forget !  
 How shall I lose the Sin, yet keep the Sense,  
 And Love th' Offender, yet detest th' Offence ?  
 How the dear Object from the Crime remove,  
 Or how distinguish Penitence from Love ?  
 Unequal Task ! a Passion to resign,  
 For Hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.  
 E'er such a Soul regains its peaceful State,  
 How often must it love, how often hate !  
 How often, Hope, Despair, Resent, Regret,  
 Conceal, Disdain——do all Things but forget.  
 But let Heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,  
 Not touch'd, but rapt ; not weaken'd, but inspir'd !  
 Oh come ! Oh teach me Nature to subdue,  
 Renounce my Love, my Life, myself——and you.  
 Fill my fond Heart with God alone, for he  
 Alone, can rival, can succeed to Thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's Lot ?  
 The World forgetting, by the World forgot :  
 Eternal Sun-shine of the spotless Mind !  
 Each Pray'r accepted, and each Wish resign'd ;  
 Labour and Rest, that equal Periods keep ;  
 Obedient Slumbers that can wake and weep ;  
 Desires compos'd, Affections ever even ;  
 Tears that delight, and Sighs that waft to Heav'n.  
 Grace shines around her with sereneest Beams,  
 And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden Dreams.  
 For her the Spouse prepares the bridal Ring,  
 For her white Virgins *Hymenæals* sing,  
 For her th' unfading Rose of *Eden* blooms,  
 And Wings of Seraphs shed divine Perfumes,  
 To sounds of heav'nly Harps she dies away,  
 And melts in Visions of eternal Day.

FAR other Dreams my erring Soul employ,  
 Far other Raptures of unholy Joy :

When

When at the close of each sad sorrowing Day,  
 Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,  
 Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free,  
 All my loose Soul unbounded springs to thee.  
 O curst, dear Horrors of all-conscious Night!  
 How glowing Guilt exalts the keen Delight!  
 Provoking Dæmons all Restraint remove,  
 And stir within me ev'ry Source of Love.  
 I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy Charms,  
 And round thy Phantom glue my clasping Arms.  
 I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,  
 The Phantom flies me, as unkind as you.  
 I call aloud; it hears not what I say;  
 I stretch my empty Arms; it glides away.  
 To dream once more I close my willing Eyes;  
 Ye soft Delusions, dear Deceits, arise!  
 Alas, no more!—methinks we wand'ring go  
 Thro' dreary Wastes, and weep each other's Woe,  
 Where round some mould'ring Tow'r pale Ivy creeps  
 And low-brow'd Rocks hang nodding o'er the Deeps,  
 Sudden you mount, you beckon from the Skies;  
 Clouds interpose, Waves roar, and Winds arise.  
 I shriek, start up, the same sad Prospect find,  
 And wake to all the Grievs I left behind.  
 For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain  
 A cool Suspense from Pleasure and from Pain;  
 Thy Life, a long dead Calm of fix'd Repose;  
 No Pulse that riots, and no Blood that glows.  
 Still as the Sea, e'er Winds were taught to blow,  
 Or moving Spirit bade the Waters flow;  
 Soft as the Slumbers of a Saint forgiv'n,  
 And mild as opening Gleams of promis'd Heav'n.  
 COME *Abelard*! for what hast thou to dread?  
 The Torch of *Venus* burns not for the Dead.  
 It from the Root, my perish'd Joys I see  
 And Love's warm Tide for ever stopt in thee.  
 Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;  
 'N thou art cold—yet *Heloise* loves.  
 Hopeless, lasting Flames! like those that burn  
 To light the Dead, and warm the unfruitful Urn.

WHAT Scenes appear, where-e'er I turn my View;  
 The dear Ideas where I fly, pursue,  
 Rise in the Grove, before the Altar rise,  
 Stain all my Soul, and wanton in my Eyes.  
 I waft the Matin-Lamp in Sighs for thee,  
 Thy Image steals between my God and me;  
 Thy Voice I seem in ev'ry Hymn to hear,  
 With ev'ry Bead I drop too soft a Tear.  
 When from the Censer Clouds of Fragrance roll,  
 And swelling Organs lift the rising Soul,  
 One Thought of thee puts all the Pomp to Flight,  
 Priests, Tapers, Temples swim before my Sight:  
 In Seas of Flame my plunging Soul is drown'd,  
 While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

WHILE prostrate here in humble Grief I lie,  
 Kind, virtuous Drops just gath'ring in my Eye,  
 While praying, trembling in the Dust I roll,  
 And dawning Grace is opening on my Soul:  
 Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!  
 Oppose thyself to Heav'n; dispute my Heart;  
 Come, with one Glance of these deluding Eyes  
 Blot out each bright Idea of the Skies;  
 Take back that Grace, those Sorrows and those  
 Tears;

Take back my fruitless Penitence and Pray'rs;  
 Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest Abode;  
 Assist the Fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole;  
 Rise *Alps* between us! and whole Oceans roll!  
 Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,  
 Nor share one Pang of all I felt for thee.  
 Thy Oaths I quit, thy Memory resign;  
 Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.  
 Fair Eyes, and tempting Looks (which yet I view)  
 Long lov'd, ador'd Ideas, all adieu!  
 O Grace serene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!  
 Divine Oblivion of low-thoughted Care!  
 Fresh blooming Hope, gay Daughter of the Sky!  
 And Faith, our early Immortality!  
 Enter, each mild, each amicable Guest;  
 Receive, and wrap me in eternal Rest!

SEE in her Cell sad *Heloise* spread,  
 Propt on some Tomb, a Neighbour of the Dead !  
 In each low Wind methinks a Spirit calls,  
 And more than Echoes talk along the Walls.  
 Here, as I watch'd the dying Lamps around,  
 From yonder Shrine I heard a hollow Sound.

- ' Come, Sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
- ' Thy Place is here, sad Sister, come away ;
- ' Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
- ' Love's Victim then, tho' now a fainted Maid :
- ' But all is calm in this eternal Sleep ;
- ' Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep.
- ' Ev'n Superstition loses ev'ry Fear ;
- ' For God, not Man, absolves our Frailties here.'

I COME, ye Ghosts ! prepare your Roseate Bow'rs,  
 Celestial Palms, and ever-blooming Flow'rs.

Thither, where Sinners may have Rest, I go,  
 Where Flames refin'd in Breasts seraphic glow ;  
 Thou, *Abelard* ! the last sad Office pay,  
 And smoothe my Passage to the Realms of Day ;  
 See my Lips tremble, and my Eye-balls roll,  
 Suck my last Breath, and catch my flying Soul !  
 Ah no—in sacred Vestment may'st thou stand,  
 The hallow'd Taper trembling in thy Hand,  
 Present the Cross before my lifted Eye ;  
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.  
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd *Heloise* see !

It will be then no Crime to gaze on me.  
 See from my Cheek the transient Roses fly !  
 See the last Sparkle languish in my Eye !  
 'Till ev'ry Motion, Pulse, and Breath be o'er ;  
 And ev'n my *Abelard* below'd no more.  
 O Death all eloquent ! you only prove  
 What Dust we doat on, when 'tis Man we love.

THEN too, when Fate shall thy fair Frame destroy,  
 (That Cause of all my Guilt and all my Joy)  
 In Trance extatic may thy Pangs be drown'd,  
 Bright Clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round,  
 From opening Skies may streaming Glories shine,  
 And Saints embrace thee with a Love like mine.

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 And Saints embrace thee with a Love like mine.

MAY one kind \* Grave unite each hapless Name,  
 And graft my Love immortal on thy Fame!  
 Then, Ages hence, when all my Woes are o'er,  
 When this rebellious Heart shall beat no more;  
 If ever Chance two wandering Lovers brings  
 To *Paraclete's* white Walls and silver Springs,  
 O'er the pale Marble shall they join their Heads,  
 And drink the falling Tears each other sheds;  
 Then sadly say, with mutual Pity mov'd,  
 " Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"  
 From the full Choir when loud *Hosanna's* rise,  
 And swell the Pomp of dreadful Sacrifice,  
 Amid that Scene, if some relenting Eye  
 Glance on the Stone where our cold Relicks lie,  
 Devotion's Self shall steal a Thought from Heaven,  
 One human Tear shall drop, and be forgiven.  
 And sure if Fate some future Bard shall join  
 In sad Similitude of Grievs to mine,  
 Condemn'd whole Years in Absence to deplore,  
 And Image Charms he must behold no more;  
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;  
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;  
 The well-sung Woes shall sooth my pensive Ghost;  
 He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

---

\* *Abelard and Heloise were interr'd in the same Grave, or in Monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete: He died in the Year 1142. She in the Year 1163.*



ABELARD to HELOISE.

A

P O E M.

In Answer to that wrote by Mr. P O P E.

---

By Mrs. C ————— E R.

---

**I**N my dark Cell, low, prostrate on the Ground,  
Mourning my Crimes, thy Letter Entrance found.  
Too soon my Soul the well-known Name confest;  
My beating Heart sprung fiercely in my Breast:  
Thro' my whole Frame a guilty Transport glow'd,  
And streaming Torrents from my Eyes fast flow'd.  
O *Heloise*! art thou still the same?  
Dost thou still nourish that destructive Flame?  
Have not the gentle Rules of Peace and Heav'n,  
From thy soft Soul that fatal Passion driv'n?  
Alas! I thought you disengag'd, and free;  
And can you still, still sigh and weep for me?  
What pow'ful Deity, what hollow'd Shrine,  
Can save me from a Love and Faith, like thine?  
Where shall I fly, when not this awful Cave,  
Whose rugged Feet the surging Billows lave,

I hea

I hear the Sighs, see the sweet falling Tears,  
 Weep all her Griefs; and Pant with all her Cares.  
 O Vows, O Convent, your stern Force impart,  
 And frown the melting Phantom from my Heart :  
 Let other Sighs, a worthier Sorrow show ;  
 Let other Tears, for Sin, Repentance flow :  
 Low to the Earth my guilty Eyes I roll,  
 And humble to the Dust my heaving Soul.  
 Forgiving Pow'r; thy gracious call I meet,  
 Who first empower'd this Rebel Heart to beat,  
 Who thro' this trembling, this offending Frame,  
 For noble Ends infus'd Life's active Flame :  
 O change the Temper of this lab'ring Breast,  
 And from a-new each beating Pulse to Rest.  
 Let springing Grace, fair Faith, and Hope remove  
 The fatal Traces of destructive Love :  
 Destructive Love, from its warm Mansion tear,  
 And leave no Tracks of *Heolife* there.  
 Are these the Wishes of my inmost Soul ?  
 Would I its softest tenderest Sense controul ?  
 Would I this touch'd, this glowing Heart refine,  
 To the cold Substance of that marble Shrine ;  
 Transform'd like these pale Swarms that round me  
 move

Of blest Insensibles——that know not Love ?  
 Ah ! rather let me keep this hapless Frame ;  
 Adieu, false Honour's unavailing Fame :  
 Nor your harsh Rules, but tenderest Love supplies  
 The Streams that gush from my despairing Eyes :  
 I feel the Traytor melt about my Heart,  
 And thro' my Veins a treach'rous Influence dart ;  
 Inspire me Heav'n, assist me Grace divine,  
 Aid me you Saints, unknown to Crimes like mine.  
 You who on Earth severe, all Grief could prove,  
 All but the tort'ring Pangs of hopeless Love :  
 A holier Rage in your pure Bosoms dwelt,  
 Nor can you pity what you never felt.  
 The Hand that heals must feel what I endure,  
 A sympathizing Grief alone can cure :

Thou

Thou *Helois'* alone must give me Ease,  
 And bid my struggling Soul subside to Peace;  
 Restore me to my long-lost Heav'n of Rest,  
 And take thyself from my reluctant Breast.  
 If Crimes like mine could an Allay receive,  
 That blest Allay thy wondrous Charms must give:  
 Thy Form, that first to Love my Heart inclin'd,  
 Still wanders in my lost, my guilty Mind:  
 I saw thee as the new-born Blossoms fair,  
 Sprightly as Light, more soft than Summer's Air;  
 Bright as their Beams thy Eyes a Mind disclose,  
 While on thy Lips gay blush'd the fragrant Rose:  
 Wit, Youth and Love, in each bright Feature shone,  
 Press'd by my Fate, I gaz'd ——— and was undone.  
 There dy'd the gen'rous Fire whose vig'rous Flame  
 Enlarg'd my Soul, and urg'd me on to Fame;  
 Nor Fame nor Wealth my soften'd Heart could move,  
 Dull and insensible to all but Love,  
 Snatch'd from myself, my Learning tasteless grew,  
 Vain my Philosophy oppos'd to you.  
 A Train of Woes succeed, nor should we mourn  
 The Hour which cannot, ought not to return.  
 As once to Love I sway'd your yielding Mind,  
 Too fond, alas! ——— too fatally inclin'd.  
 If not to Heav'n you feel your Bosom rise,  
 Nor Tears refin'd, fall contrite from your Eyes;  
 If still your Heart its wonted Passions move,  
 If still (to speak all Pains in one) you Love,  
 Deaf to the weak Essays of human Breath,  
 Attend the stronger Eloquence of Death.  
 When that kind Pow'r this captive Soul shall free  
 (Which only then can cease to doat on thee)  
 When gently sunk to my eternal Sleep,  
 The *Paraclete* my peaceful Urn shall keep.  
 Then *Heloise*, then your Lover view,  
 See his quench'd Eyes no longer doat on you;  
 From their dead Orbs the tender Utt'rance flown,  
 Which first to thine my Heart's soft Tale made known,  
 This Breast no more (at length to Ease consign'd)  
 Pants like the waving Aspin in the Wind;

See all my wild tumultuous Passions o'er,  
 And then (amazing Change!) belov'd no more;  
 Behold the distant End of human Love,  
 But let the Sight your Zeal alone improve:  
 Let not your conscious Soul to Sorrow mov'd,  
 Recall how much, how tenderly I lov'd;  
 With pious Care, your fruitless Grief restrain;  
 Nor let a Tear your sacred Veil prophane;  
 Nor ev'n a Sigh on my cold Urn bestow,  
 But let your Breast with unborn Passions glow;  
 Let Love Divine frail Mortal Love dethrone,  
 And to your Mind immortal Joys make known.  
 To Virtue now let me your Heart inspire,  
 And fan with Zeal divine the heav'nly Fire;  
 Teach you to injur'd Heav'n, all chang'd, to turn,  
 And bid your Soul with sacred Raptures burn,  
 O that my own Example might impart  
 This noble Warmth to your soft trembling Heart;  
 That mine with pious undissembled Care,  
 Might aid the latent Virtue struggling there.  
 Alas I rave! nor Grace, nor Zeal divine,  
 Burns in a Heart oppress'd with Grief like mine;  
 Too sure I feel, while I the Torture prove  
 Of feeble Piety conflicting Love,  
 On black Despair my forc'd Devotion built,  
 Absence, to me, has sharper Pangs than Guilt.  
 Yet——yet, my *Helois*\*, thy Charms I view,  
 But yet my Sighs, my Tears pour forth for you;  
 Each weak Resistance stronger knits my Chain,  
 I Sigh, Weep, Love, Despair—in vain.  
 Haste, *Heloise*, haste, your Lover free,  
 Amid your warmer Pray'rs O think on me;  
 Wing with your rising Zeal, my grov'ling Mind,  
 And let me mine with your Repentance find:  
 O Labour, strive your Love, yourself controul,  
 The Change will sure affect my kindred Soul;  
 In blest Content our purer Sighs shall breathe,  
 And Heav'n shall all our other Crimes forgive.  
 But if unhappy, wretched, lost in vain,  
 Faintly th' unhappy Combat you sustain,

Let

Let Heav'n relenting strike your ravish'd View,  
 And still the bright, the blest Pursuit renew ;  
 So with your Crimes, shall your Misfortunes cease,  
 And your rack'd Soul be calmly hush'd to Peace.



## A Difuaſive from MARRIAGE.

To C L O E.

**M**A Y all be hush'd, each ruder Paſſion ceaſe,  
 Within my *Cloe's* Breſt, may all be Peace ;  
 May the fair Nymph my am'rous Lines approve,  
 And ſay, with me, Wedlock's the bane of Love.  
*MARRIAGE* but palls our Joys, creating Strife,  
 And anxious Cares, and all the Woes of Life ;  
 A Trick invented by ſome rigid Prieſt,  
 To plague our Lives, and cheat us of our Reſt.

O M A Y my *Cloe* love, and love for Life ;  
 Yet never be that hated Thing, a Wiſe :  
 So ſhall my Charmer ſtill freſh Blifs impart,  
 Kindle new Flames, and ſtill poſſeſs my Heart.  
 While o'er thy ſnowy Breſt I panting lye,  
 In melting Tranſport, and diſſolving Joy ;  
 With Heat and Vigour I embrace my Fair,  
 And in extatic Raptures breathe my *Dear*.

FORM'D for my Blifs, urge not to give me Pain,  
 Nor gall thy Lover with the Marriage Chain.  
 The Wretch of *Hymen* fond, muſt undergo,  
 For one ſweet Moon, ſucceſſive Years of Woe ;  
 To him the choiceſt Joys inſipid prove,  
 And Duty is the Drudgery of Love.

OBSERVE the wedded State, each fetter'd Pair,  
 Their Joys recount, and Miſeries compare :

Was

Was ever Man so loving to his Wife,  
 But wish'd the Fates to cut her Thread of Life ?  
 Was ever Woman to her Lord so kind,  
 That has not pray'd to see him safe enshrin'd ?  
 They often Death invoke to set 'em free,  
 So fond are *Adam's* Race of Liberty.

THE sweets of Love, which we by Stealth possess,  
 Impart fierce Raptures, and transcendant Bliss ;  
 Such sweets in *Cloe's* Arms I oft have known ;  
 Then why will *Cloe* beg to be undone ?

THE Court and Cottage, both this Truth will prove,  
 Wedlock is no security for Love.

My Lord but marries to keep up his Name ;  
 My Lady burns with an unlawful Flame :  
 My Lord, for Change, to public Stews repairs,  
 His Lordship's Coachman gets his Lordship Heirs.

BUT Marriage is an honourable State ;  
 And Heav'n to every Husband sends a Mate.  
 So Pedant Gown-Men Teach, yet even they,  
 In Love's delightful Maze, are prone to stray :  
 Each in his Flock will hug the willing Dame,  
 And ev'ry Parish feels the sacred Flame.  
 An holy Church *Celibacy* reveres,  
 Her Priests renounce the matrimonial Cares ;  
 The sacred Tribe aver that Ill, a Wife,  
 Is inconsistent with a religious Life ;  
 And yet they all the Force of Love declare,  
 And ev'ry *Gerard* has his Saint *Cadiere* ;  
 Where-ever Priests have pray'd, Love takes his rout,  
 And *Popes* have tasted the forbidden Fruit,  
 With trembling Knees unto this Altar come,  
 His Grace of \*\*\*\*\* and Holiness of *Rome*.

Who has not heard of *HELOISE's* Name,  
 What Nymph but pities *AB'LARD's* Grief and Shame.  
 The chastest Wife who reads the Story o'er,  
 As told by *Pope*, will *ABELARD* deplore :  
 She'll curse the barb'rous Hand that durst destroy,  
 The holy Root of *HELOISE's* Joy.

Does

Does *Cloe* think I shall more constant prove,  
 If ty'd in *Wedlock*, and more truly Love?  
 My Love's so great no Language can express,  
 I cannot love her more, I will not love her less:  
 And that my Passion may remain for Life,  
 I'll call her still *my Dear*, but ne'er my WIFE.

**F I N I S.**



10 JU 68

THE 1\*\*  
OECONOMY  
OF  
LOVE.

A  
POETICAL ESSAY.

---

*Insanire docet certa ratione modoque.*

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A New EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed by A. MERRYMAN, near *Whitehall*, 1751.  
(Price One Shilling.)





THE  
OECONOMY  
OF  
LOVE.

**T**H Y Bounties, *Love*, in thy soft Raptures when  
Timeliest the melting Pairs indulge, and how  
Best to improve the genial Joy, how shun  
The Snakes that under flow'ry Pleasure lurk,  
I sing: If thou fair *Cytherea* deign 5  
Gracious to smile on my Attempt. Tho' Thou  
None of the Muses nine, yet oft on Thee  
The Muses wait, oft gambol in thy Train,  
Tho' Virgins. Come, nor leave thy *Boy* behind,  
Blind but unerring Archer. *Hymen* raise 10  
Aloft thy sacred Torch. Your Gifts I sing.

YE Youths and Virgins, when your gen'rous Blood  
Has drunk the Warmth of fifteen Summers, now  
The Loves invite; now to new Rapture wakes  
The finish'd Sense: While stung with keen Desire 15

The madd'ning Boy his bashful Fetters bursts ;  
 And, urg'd with secret Flames, the riper Maid,  
 Conscious and shy, betrays her smarting Breast.

YET Nature not in all her Sons maintains  
 An equal Progress. This with kindly Warmth 20  
 Concocts to manly Vigour strait ; while That  
 Pines crude and chill, and scarce at last attains  
 Imperfect Life. Some slight their varnish'd Steed,  
 And (wond'rous Instinct ! ) bent on manlier Sport,  
 Cope with the Maids. *Alcides* thus, they say, 25  
 Rose brawny from his Cradle, while the Snakes  
 Hung hissing round him, horrible and fell,  
 Sent by enrag'd *Saturnia* to destroy  
 Her Rival's Hope : The mighty Infant grasp'd  
 His speckled Foes, and smiling dash'd them down 30  
 To Hell, their native Clime ; the spumy Gore  
 Blotted the frightened Pavement. Early thus  
 Was future Chivalry presag'd.—Meantime  
 Others slow ripen : Men there are who scarce  
 Feel the first Thrillings of untaught Desire, 35  
 While pallid Maids scarce ruminate on Man,  
 Till Twenty ; well if then. It boots thee much  
 To study the Complexion, much the Clime,  
 And Habitudes of Life. Meanwhile with me  
 Credit these Signs. The Boy may wrestle, when 40  
 Night-working Fancy steals him to the Arms  
 Of Nymph oft wish'd awake, and, 'mid the Rage  
 Of the soft Tumult, every turgid Cell  
 Spontaneous disembogues its lucid Store,  
 Bland and of azure Tinct. Nor envy thou 45  
 Waking Fruition while such happy Dreams  
 Visit thy Slumbers ; liveliest then the Touch

Thrills

Thrills to the Brain, with all Sensations else  
 Unshaken, unseduc'd. The Maid demands  
 The dues of *Venus*, when the parting Breasts 50  
 Wanton exuberant and tempt the Touch,  
 Plump'd with rich Moisture from the finish'd Growth  
 Redundant now: for late the shooting Tubes  
 Drank all the Blood the toiling Heart could pour,  
 Infatiate; now full-grown they crave no more 55  
 Than what repairs their daily Waste. But still  
 There must be Loss, nor does the Superplus  
 Turn all to Thrift. For from Love's Grotto now  
 Oozes the sanguine Stream thro' many a Rill,  
 Startling the simple Lads, that anxious glows 60  
 Inward, till bold Necessity o'ercomes  
 Her fond reluctant Blushes, to consult  
 Her Nurse, well vers'd in mystic Cases deep,  
 At Christ'nings oft discuss'd: when warm'd with Wine  
 The mellow Matrons, by the midnight Fire, 65  
 Lewd *Orgies* hold; while naked roams around,  
 His Torch high-flaming from the spicy Bowl,  
 Lust full of Glee, and thro' each lab'ring Breast  
 His sacred Fury pours. The *Sybil* solves  
 Sagely the dubious Case.—The rising Down 70  
 Then too begins to skirt the hallow'd Bounds  
 Of *Venus*' blest Domain. In either Sex  
 This Sign obtains. For Nature provident,  
 Now when both Sides stand equal for the Fray,  
 This graceful Armour spreads; and, but for this 75  
 Excoriate oft the tender Parts would rue  
 The close Encounter; now they fight secure  
 Thus harness'd, and sustain the mutual Shock  
 Of War, unhurt, for many a well-fought Day.

BUT if to Progeny thy Views extend 80  
 Paternal, and the Name of Sire invites ;  
 Wouldst thou behold a thriving Race surround  
 Thy spacious Table ; shun the soft Embrace  
 Emaſculant, till twice ten Years and more  
 Have ſteel'd thy Nerves, and let the holy Rite 85  
 Liſenſe the Blifs. Nor would I urge, precise,  
 A total Abſtinance ; this might unman  
 The genial Organs, unemploy'd ſo long,  
 And quite extinguiſh the prolific Flame,  
 Refrigerant. But riot oft unblam'd 90  
 On Kiſſes, ſweet Repaſt ! ambroſial Joy !  
 Now preſs with gentle Hand the gentle Hand,  
 And, ſigning, now the Breasts, that to the Touch  
 Heave amorous. Nor thou, fair Maid, reſuſe  
 Indulgence, while thy Paramour diſcreet 95  
 Aſpires no farther. Thus thou mayſt expect  
 Treafure hereafter, when the Bridegroom, warm,  
 Trembling with keen Deſire, profuſely pours  
 The rich Collection of enamour'd Years,  
 Exhaustleſs, bleſſing all thy nuptial Nights. 100

BUT, O my Son, whether the generous Care  
 Of Propagation, and domeſtick Charge,  
 Or ſoft Encounter more attract renounce  
 The Vice of Monks recluſe, the early Bane  
 Of riſing Manhood. Banish from thy Shades 105  
 Th'ungenerous, ſelfiſh, ſolitary Joy.  
 Hold, Parricide, thy Hand ! For thee alone  
 Did Nature form thee ? for thy narrow ſelf  
 Grant thee the Means of Pleaſure ? Dream'ſt thou ſo ?  
 That very Self miſtakes its wiſer Aim ; 110  
 Its

Its finer Sense ungratified, unpleas'd,  
 But when from active Soul to Soul rebounds  
 The swelling mingling Tumult of Delight.  
 Hold yet again ! ere idle Callus wrap  
 In fullen Indolence th' astonish'd Nerves ; 115  
 When thou may'st fret and teize thy Sense in vain,  
 And curse too late th' unwisely-wanton Hours.  
 Impious, forbear ! thus the first general Hail  
 To disappoint, *increase and multiply* !  
 To shed thy Blossoms thro' the desert Air, 120  
 And sow thy perish'd Off-spring in the Winds.  
 Unhallow'd Pastime ! — Tho' the factious Chief  
 Oft brew hot Insurrection, rather hie  
 To Bagnio lewd or Tavern, nightly where  
 Venereal Rites are done, from *Draco's* ken 125  
 Remote, and Light of Heaven (as erst retir'd  
 The heaving *Gallick* Saints to the kind gloom.  
 Of Clift, or Cave, or trusted Barn, to hold  
 Forbidden Sabbaths :) rather visit thou  
 Those Haunts of publick Lewdness ; oft tho' there 130  
 Sore Ills dismay. Purse, of the golden Pride  
 That decks thy Finger, gorgeous with the Spoils  
 Of *Mexico*, *Peru*, and farthest *Ind*,  
 Or Watch Time-measuring, oft substracted fly  
 Sink in the dark Profound. And oft, to crush 135  
 Thy slacken'd Manhood, in the mid Career  
 Of puissant Deeds, untimely rushes in  
 A forward boist'rous Wight, and from thy Arms  
 The passive Spouse of all the Town demands.  
 Him, hung'ring after Gold, nor Words can charm, 140  
 Nor more persuasive Wine : thy Gold must pay  
 The Violation of the *publick* Bed ;  
 Or braver Steel must prove thy manly Arm,

In dubious Fight. Yet well if here could end  
 The Mis'ry : Worfe perhaps ensues ; a Train 145  
 Of Ills of tedious Count and horrid Name.  
 Such as of old distress'd the Man else squar'd  
 To God's own Heart, but that his wanton Wiles  
 Debauch'd the purest Nymphs of *Solyma* ;  
 Nor did he from the holy Marriage-bed 150  
 Refrain his loose Embraces, when the Wife  
 Of wrong'd *Urias* he seduc'd ; nor stopt  
 Till Murder crown'd his Lust. Hence him the Wrath  
 Of righteous Heaven, awaking, long pursu'd  
 With sore Disease, and fill'd his Loins with Pain. 155  
 All Day he roar'd, and all the tedious Night  
 Bedew'd his Couch with Tears ; and still his Groans  
 Breathe musical in sacred Song. What Woes !  
 What Pains he tried ! But now this Plague attacks  
 With double Rancour, and severely marks 160  
 Modern Offenders : Slily undermines  
 The Fame and Nose, that by unseemly Lapfe  
 Awkward deforms the human Face divine  
 With ghastly Ruins. Tho' this Breach, they say,  
 Nice *Taliacotius*' Art, with substitute 165  
 From Porter's burrow'd or the callous Breech  
 Of sedentary Weaver, oft repair'd :  
 Precarious, for no sooner Fate demands  
 The parent Stock than (pious Sympathy !)  
 Revolts th' adopted Nose.—Such Ills attend 170  
 Obscene and bought Embraces. Wiser thou

FIND some soft Nymph whom tender Sympathy  
 Attracts to thee ; while all her Captives else,  
 Aw'd by majestick Beauty, mourn aloof  
 Her Charms to thee, by nuptial Vows and Choice 175  
 More

More sure, devoted. Sacrifice to her  
 The precious Hours, nor grudge with such a Mate  
 The Summer's Day to toy or Winter's Night.  
 Now clasp with dying Fondness in your Arms  
 Her yielded Waist: now on her swelling Breast 180  
 Recline your Cheek, with eager Kisses press  
 Her balmy Lips, and drinking from her Eyes  
 Resistless Love, the tender Flame confess,  
 Ineffable but by the murmuring Voice  
 Of genuine Joy; then hug and kiss again. 185  
 Stretch'd on the genial Couch, while joyful glows  
 Thy manly Pride, and throbbing with Desire  
 Pants earnest, felt thro' all the Obstacles  
 That intervene: but Love, whose fervid Course  
 Mountains nor Seas oppose, can soon remove 190  
 Barriers so slight. Then when her lovely Limbs,  
 Oft lovely deem'd, far lovelier now beheld,  
 Thro' all your trembling Joints increase the Flame;  
 Forthwith discover to her dazzled Sight  
 The stately Novelty, and to her Hand 195  
 Usher the new Acquaintance. She perhaps  
 Averse will coldly chide, and half afraid,  
 Blushing, half pleas'd, the tumid Wonder view  
 With Neck retorted and oblique Regard;  
 Nor quit her curious Eye indulging, nor 200  
 Refraining quite. Perhaps when you attempt  
 The sweet Admission, toyful she resists  
 With shy Reluctance; nathless you pursue  
 The soft Attack, and warmly push the War,  
 Till quite o'erpower'd with Love, the melting Maid  
 Faintly opposes. On the Brink at last 205  
 Arriv'd of giddy Rapture, plunge not in  
 Precipitant, but spare a Virgin's Pain;  
 Ah!

Ah! spare a gentle Virgin! spare yourself!  
 Lest sanguine War Love's tender Rites profane. 210  
 With fierce Dilaceration, and dire Pangs,  
 Reciprocal. Nor droop because the Door  
 Of Bliss seems shut and barricadoed strong;  
 But triumph rather in this faithful Pledge  
 Of Innocence, and fair Virginity 215  
 Inviolate. And hence the subtle Wench,  
 Her maiden Honours torn, in evil Hour  
 Unseemly torn, and shrunk her Virgin Rose;  
 Studious how best the guilty Wound to heal,  
 Her Shame best palliate with fair outward Shew, 220  
 Inward less strict, with painful Hand collects  
 The sylvian Store. The Lover *Myrtle* yields  
 Her styptick Berries, and the horrid *Thorn*  
 In Prune austere; in vain the *Caper* hides  
 Its wand'ring Roots; the mighty *Oak* himself, 225  
 Sole Tyrant of the Shade, that long had scap'd  
 The Tanner's Rage, spoil'd of his callous Rhind;  
 Stands bleak and bare. These, and a thousand more  
 Of humbler Growth and far inferior Name,  
*Bisfort*, and *Dock*, and that way-faring Herb 230  
*Plaintain*, her various Forage, boil'd in Wine  
 Yield their astringent Force; a Lotion prov'd  
 Thrice powerful to contract the shameful Breach.  
 Beware of these, for in our dangerous Days  
 Such Counterfeits abound; whom next to know 235  
 Concerns. And here expect no Dye of Wound;  
 No Wound is made: the corrugated Parts,  
 With ill-dissembled Virtue (tho' severe,  
 Not wrinkled into Frowns when genuine most)  
 Relapse apace, and quit their borrow'd Tone. 240  
 Yet judge with Charity the varied Work

Of Nature's Hand. Perhaps the purple Stream,  
 Emollient Bath, leaves flexible and lax  
 The Parts it lately wash'd. But hapless he,  
 In nuptial Night, on whom a horrid Chasm 245  
 Yawns dreadful, waste and wild ; like that thro' which  
 The wand'ring *Greek*, and *Cytherea's Son*,  
 Diving, explor'd Hell's ever open Gates :  
 An unessential Void ; where neither Love  
 Nor Pleasure dwells, where warm Creation dies 250  
 Starv'd in th' abortive Gulph ; the dire Effects  
 Of Use too frequent, or for Love or Gold.

Now hear me, *Lovers*, ye whose roving Hearts  
 No sacred nuptial Chains have yet confin'd ;  
 Attentive hear, and daily, nightly weigh 255  
 The Counsels sage which, thro' thy raptur'd Breast,  
 To you th' auspicious heavenly *Muse* conveys :  
 The *Muse*, no soothing Minister of Vice ;  
 Tho' now in sportive Vein to youthful Ears  
 She tunes her Song, to give Instruction grace. 260  
 Attend, ye Wise ! No frantic *Bacchanal*,  
 No shameless Bard of the licentious Rout  
 Of flush'd *Silenus*, sings.—What *Nature* bids  
 Is good, is wise ; and faultless we obey.  
 We must obey ; howe'er hard *Stoick* dreams 265  
 Of *Apatby*, much vaunted, seldom prov'd ;  
 For oft beneath the philosophic Gloom  
 Sly *Lewdness* lurks, and oftner mazy *Guile*,  
 That with well-mimick'd Love th' unwary Heart  
 Lures to its Fate, and hails while it betrays. 270  
 There bloated *Pride* too dwells, and baneful *Hate*,  
 And dark *Revenge*, than which a deadlier Fiend  
 Ne'er poison'd mortal Breast, nor urg'd the Soul

To ruthless Purpose and inhuman Deeds.  
 Far hence be These ! We know great *Nature's* Power,  
 Mother of Things, whose vast unbounded Sway 275  
 From the deep Center all around extends  
 Beyond the flaming Barriers of the World.  
 We feel her Power ; we strive not to repress  
 (Vainly repress'd, or to Deformity)  
 Her lawful Growth ; Ours be the Task alone 280  
 To check her rude Excrescences ; to prune  
 Her wanton Overgrowth ; and where she strays  
 In uncouth Shapes to lead her gently back,  
 With prudent Hand, to Form and better Use.

For wisest Ends this universal *Power* 285  
 Gave *Appetites*: from whose quick impulse Life  
 Subsists ; by which we only live ; all Life  
 Insipid else, unactive, unenjoy'd.  
 Hence too this peopled Earth ; which, That extinct,  
 That Flame for *Propagation*, soon would roll 290  
 A lifeless Mass, and vainly cumber Heaven.  
 Then love of Pleasure sways each Heart, and we  
 From that no more than from ourselves can fly.  
 Blameless when govern'd well. But where it errs  
 Extravagant, and wildly leads to Ill, 295  
 Public or private, there its curbing Power  
 Cool Reason must exert. — This Lesson weigh,  
 Ye tender Pairs. Indulge your gentle Flames,  
 Each fondest Wish, and bathe your Souls in Love.  
 But let Discretion guide unruly Bliss, 300  
 Virtuous in Pleasure. So you shall enjoy  
 Pleasure unmix'd, and without Thorn the Rose.  
 This Caution scorn'd, beware th' Event perverse :  
 Expect for Pleasure, Pain, and sharp Remorse ;

For

For Love, Averſion; and each broken Vow  
The Jeſt of Fools, the Pity of the Wiſe.

Be ſecret, Lovers. Let no dangerous Spy  
Catch your ſoft Glances; as oblique they deal  
Mutual Contagion, darting all the Soul. 310  
In miſſive Love; nor hear your lab'ring Sighs.  
But chiefly when the high-wrought Rapture calls,  
Impatient, to ſoft Deeds, then then retire  
From every mortal ken. *The ſapient King*  
(Whoſe Loves, who could defame?) in the mild  
Gloom, 316

Deep in the Center of his Gardens, hid,  
*Held Dalliance with his fair Ægyptian Spouſe.*  
Find them ſome ſoft obſcure Retreat, untrod  
By Mortals elſe, where thick-embow'ring Shades  
Condenſe to Darkneſs and embrown the Day; 320  
There, ſafe from all prophane Access, purſue  
Love's baſhful Rites. For oft the curious Eye  
Of prying Childhood, and th' Aſpect malign,  
Waning, and wan, of Virgin ſtale in Years,  
Shed baneful Influence on the Rites of Love. 325  
And thou, my Son, when Floods of mellowing  
Wine

And ſocial Joys have looſen'd all thy Breſt;  
When every Secret gulleſ; this at leaſt  
This one reſerve, of Love and bounteous Charms  
Of truſting Beauty; venturing all for thee, 330  
For thy Delight her Fortune and her Fame;  
For her thou nothing. Hold! ingrateful, hold  
Thy wanton Tongue. Leave to the laſt of Fools,  
Of Villains! that ungenerous Vanity,  
Cruel and baſe, to vaunt of ſecret Joys; 335

Of Joys on thee, so vaunting, ill-bestow'd.  
 O dare not thus with mortal Sting to wound  
 The tender helpless Sex. Does thy vile Breath  
 So blast my Sister's, or my Daughter's Fame,——  
 By Heaven thou dy'st! thy treacherous Blood alone 340  
 Can wash my Honour clean. Prudent meantime,  
 Ye generous Maids, revenge your Sex's Wrong;  
 Let not the mean Destroyer e'er approach  
 Your sacred Charms. Now muster all your Pride,  
 Contempt, and Scorn, that shot from Beauty's Eye  
 Confounds the mighty Impudent, and smites 346  
 The Front unknown to Shame. Trust not his Vows,  
 His labour'd Sighs, and well-dissembled Tears,  
 Nor swell the Triumph of known Perjury.

MEANWHILE, my Son, if angry Fate, or Love  
 Grown indiscreet, or loud *Lucina*, tell, 351  
 Th'important Secret: Is thy Mate well form'd,  
 Virtuous, and equal for thy lawful Bed,  
 Save her, I charge thee, from foul Infamy,  
 And lonely Shame; let Wedlock's holy tie 355  
 Legitimate th'indissoluble Flames.  
 If abject Birth, dishonourable, and Mind  
 Incultivate or vicious, to that Height  
 Forbid her Hopes to climb; at least secure  
 From Penury her humble State, by thee 360  
 Else humbled more, and to Necessity,  
 Stern Foe to Virtue, Fame, and Life, betray'd,  
 A helpless Prey. O! let no Parent's Woe,  
 No Complaints of trusting Innocence, nor Tears  
 Of pining Beauty, blast thy guilty Joys. 365  
 Shall she, so late the softner of thy Life,  
 Thy chief Delight, whose melting Essence oft

Lay

Lay with thy melting Essence kindly mix'd,  
 (As far as Bodies and embodied Souls  
 Can mingle) she, who deem'd thy Vows sincere, 370  
 Thy Passion more than selfish, and thy Love  
 To her devoted, as was her's to thee;  
 Shall she (O! cruel Perfidy!) at last  
 When with her tainted Name the Winds grow sick,  
 When envious Prudery chides, affecting scorn 375  
 Of natural Joys, and they of *public Fame*  
 Insulting hail her Sister, while each Friend  
 Disgusted flies; shall she not find in thee  
 Unshaken Amity? When to thy Arms,  
 Well-known, with wonted Confidence she flies, 380  
 To pour her Sorrows forth, and sooth her Cares,  
 Shall she then find thy faithless Heart from Home,  
 From her estrang'd? At that disastrous Hour  
 Wilt thou ungently spurn her from thy Love?  
 To waste in sickly Grief her once-priz'd Charms, 385  
 Forlorn to languish out her Life, to lead  
 Despis'd, unwedded, her dishonour'd Days?  
 Or, if her barren Fortune, hard like thee,  
 Scowls meagre Want (whose iron empire Pride,  
 Reluctant, and her Off-spring Modesty . 390  
 Blushing at last obey) unskill'd in Arts  
 Of mercenary *Venus*, to increase  
 The rompish Band that, without Pleasure lewd,  
 With deep-felt Sorrow gay, thro' *Trivia's* Reign  
 Nightly sollicit Lovers; oft repuls'd, 395  
 Oft, when invited to the barren Toil,  
 Thankless deserted by their slippery Loves.  
 Or to the Salt of Years, where tedious Lust  
 Uncouth and monstrous creeps thro' freezing Loins,  
 Patient submitted; to the boist'rous Will 400

Of midnight Ruffians, to abhorr'd Disease,  
 Hourly expos'd, and *Draco's* fiercer Rage.  
 Spare, mighty *Draco!* spare a hapless Race,  
 By thy own Sex to Wretchedness betray'd.  
 A Woman bore thee ; by each tender Name 405  
 Of Woman, spare ! Hast thou or Daughter fair,  
 Or Sister ? They, but for a happier Birth,  
 The Gift of Fate, and Honour's Guardian, Pride  
 Early inspir'd, had swell'd the common Stream.  
 While she whom now thy awful Name dismays, 410  
 Portentous heard from far, with Fortune's Smiles  
 And fair Example, might have grac'd thy Bed,  
 A virtuous Mate, in every Charm compleat.

A PIOUS Duty next, neglected oft,  
 Demands my Song. If from thy sacred Bed 415  
 Of Luxury unbidden Off-spring rise,  
 Let them be kindly welcom'd to the Day.  
 'Tis Nature bids. To Nature's sacred Voice  
 Attend ; and from the monster-breeding Deep,  
 The ravag'd Air, and howling Wilderness, 220  
 Learn parent Virtues. Shall the growling Bear  
 Be more a Sire than thou ? An Infant once,  
 Helpless and weak, but for paternal Care,  
 Thou had'st not liv'd to propagate a Race  
 To Misery, to resign to Step-dame Fate 425  
 Perhaps a worthier Off-spring than thy Sire  
 Tenderly rear'd. For from the stol'n Embrace,  
 Untir'd with worn Acquaintance, keenly urg'd,  
 Elate with generous Rapture, likeliest springs  
 The noblest Breed, most animated, best. 430  
 What Heroes since have issued ! what sam'd Chiefs !  
 And Demi-gods, of old ! The Stealth of Love  
 Gave

Gave *Greece* her *Hercules*, and mighty *Rome*  
 First rose beneath a random Son of *Mars*.  
 Thy Vigour too, the Blossom of thy Strength, 435  
 Reckless and wild profus'd, in dangerous Days,  
 Or in the Senate wise, and nobly warm  
 To public Good, may save the rushing State;  
 Or bold in Arms, may roll her Thunders forth  
 To shatter distant Skies, and rous'd to Blood 440  
 Usher the *British* Lion to the Field.  
 Thy Country claims thy Care; nurse well her Hopes,  
 And thine; nor thou her Church's hungry Wolves,  
 Hight *Overseers*, with thy own Children's Gore  
 Siate, if Rapine know Satiety. 445  
 For, bred to Death, and of sagacious Nose,  
 A prowling Herd, lur'd with the recent Smell  
 Of secret Birth, their Carnage sweet, or led  
 By Infant Wailings, querulous, and shrill,  
 Beset thy frighted Gates. These timely thou 450  
 Prevent, or mourn too late thy ravish'd Gold  
 And captive Son; to the Street-dunning Tribe  
 Of Mendicants let out, fictitious Badge  
 Of low Distress: There to what Life of Pain  
 Led up who knows? to what disgraceful Fate, 455  
 What Gibbet, bred? Or from his Parents Arms,  
 With Nurse unpitying, unbenign, exil'd  
 To squalid Lodge, to find in Famine's Cave  
 A ling'ring Death; or by a deadlier Hag,  
 Than her that rides the lab'ring Night, oppress'd, 460  
 Untimely sink beneath a heavier Fate.  
 While they, the Sons of licens'd Rapine, screen'd  
 Under the Altar of the God of Life  
 With Murder stain'd, on what should raise thy Son  
 Nightly regale, carnivorous; for them 465

The Heifer bleeds, or for her slaughter'd Young  
 Roams wild the woodland Bounds: and what should  
 now

To thy young Hopes in white nectareous rills  
 Descend, to them in deep *Oporto* flows,  
 Or hot *Madeira*. Thus the sanguine Feast 470  
 They crown, nor dread the Cry of infant Blood.

THESE Precepts wisely keep, by these direct  
 Thy Steps thro' Pleasure's Labyrinth. Unhurt  
 And unoffending, thus thy tutor'd Feet  
 May tread the Wilds of else-delusive Joy. 475  
 So shall no Sorrows wound, no ruder Cares  
 Disturb thy Pleasures, no remorseful Tears  
 Attend thy gay Delight: nor Sighs make way,  
 But such as heave the pleasure-burden'd Breast;  
 As utter Love, with speechless Eloquence 480  
 Well understood; and breathe from Soul to Soul  
 The soft Infection, fondly still receiv'd.  
 Almighty *Love*! O unexhausted source  
 Of universal Joy! first Principle  
 Of *Nature* all-creating! Harmony 485  
 By which her mighty Movements all are rul'd!  
 Soft Tyrant of each Element! whose Sway  
 Resistless thro' the Wilds of Air is felt,  
 Thro' Earth, and the deep Empire of the Main!  
 Thy willing Slaves, we own thy gentle Power, 490  
 In us supreme, with kind Endearments rais'd  
 Above the merely-sensual Touch of Brutes.  
 By thy soft Charm the savage Breast is tam'd,  
 The Genius rais'd. Thy heavenly Warmth inspires  
 Whate'er is noble, generous, or humane, 495  
 Or elegant; whate'er adorns the Mind,

Graces

Graces or sweetens Life: and without thee  
Nothing or gay or amiable appears.

YET not to Love (thus polishing the Soul,  
Thus charming; tho' of every finer Breast 500  
The sovereign Joy) yet not to Love alone  
Yield languid all your Hours. The self-same Cates.  
Still offer'd soon the Appetite offend;  
The most delicious soonest. Other Joys,  
Other Pursuits, their equal Share demand 505  
Of Cultivation. These with kindly Change  
Will cheer your sweetly-varied Days; from these  
With quicker Sense you shall and firmer Nerves  
Return to Love, when Love again invites.  
Be those the least neglected which inform 510  
With Virtue, Sense, and Elegance, the Mind:  
Those what before was amiable improve,  
And lend to Love new Grace and Dignity.  
Life too has serious Cares, which madly scorn'd, 515  
The Means of Pleasure melt.—And Age will come,  
When Love, alas! the Flower of human Joys,  
Must shrink in horrid Frost. O hapless he!  
Thrice hapless then! whose only Joy was That;  
Whose young Desires tumultuous still engage 520  
To wield a Load of unobedient Limbs.  
With vain Attempt. Him the inclement Power  
Of craving *Impotence*, to fonder Toys  
Than other Dotage knows, or easy-dup'd  
Credulity can well believe, incites. 525  
Him all the Nymphs despise, and the young Loves  
With leering Scorn behold; while vigorous Heat  
Has fled his shaken Limbs, surviving still  
In his green Fancy. Thence what desperate Toil  
By Flagellation, and the Rage of Blows, 530  
To

To rouse the *Venus* loitering in his Veins!  
 Fruitless, for *Venus* unfollicited  
 The kindest Smiles, abhorring painful Rites.  
 Cease, reverend Fathers! from those youthful Sports  
 Retire, before unfinish'd Feats betray 535  
 Your slaken'd Nerves. The hoary Years, design'd  
 For Wisdom, for sedate Philosophy,  
 And Contemplation, ill agree with Love.  
 Cheerful retire: nor grudge in peevish Saws  
 Like envious Monitors, the sprightly Joys 540  
 Of lusty Youth. You had your genial Time  
 Of Pleasure;—ours is on the rapid Wing!

AND you whose youthful Blood impetuous rolls,  
 With generous Spirits fraught and kindly Balm,  
 Husband your Vigour well; if aught or Health, 545  
 Or Off-spring numerous, beautiful and strong,  
 Or Pleasure weigh. For from the trite Embrace  
 Follow faint Relaxation, Strength impair'd,  
 Disgust, and mutual Apathy, Love's Bane.  
 Some boast, I know, their Vigour to renew 550  
 And keen Desire, by Food Restorative,  
 Or Pharmacy more noxious. *Orchis* hence,  
 Lascivious Bulb, *Satyrion* better nam'd;  
 And that maritime, which the sea-born Queen  
 Feeds with her native Spume, *Eryngo* mild; 555  
*Boletus*, fam'd among the fungous Tribe;  
 And fell *Cantharides*, in various Forms  
 Are us'd. But what ensues? Diseases more  
 Than ever burden'd *Auster's* dropping Wings.  
 Cold Tremors, Spasms, and *Cephalæa's* dire, 560  
 Eternal Flux of Nature's balmy Dew,  
*Tabes*, and gaunt *Marasmus*, hideous Loss

Of

Of godlike Reason, and the imprison'd rage  
 Of fierce *Lipyría*, whose collected Fires  
 The Vitals only seize. Or if the Sons 565  
 Of jaded Luxury those Plagues escape,  
 They waste their melting Youth, and bring grey  
 Hairs

Before their time, grey Hairs and idle Years.  
 Leave Nature to herself, nor covet more  
 Than Nature gives, that but to real Wants 570  
 Each well-conducted Appetite provokes.

BUT chiefly thee, fair Nymph, behoves to know  
 That Love and Joy when in their Prime most fear  
 Decay, the Fate of all created Things.  
 Be frugal then: the coyly-yielded Kifs 575  
 Charms most, and gives the most sincere Delight.  
 Cheapness offends, hence on the Harlot's Lip  
 No Rapture hangs, however fair she seem,  
 However form'd for Love and amorous Play,  
 Hail *Modesty*! fair Female Honour hail! 580  
 Beauty's chief Ornament, and Beauty's self!  
 For Beauty must with Virtue ever dwell,  
 And thou art Virtue! and without thy Charm  
 Beauty disgusts, and Wit is insolent.  
 Thou giv'st the Smile its Grace: the melting Kifs  
 To thrill voluptuous to the fainting Soul, 586  
 Alas! too tenderly! and but for thee  
 The very Raptures of the lawful Bed,  
 Were Outrage and foul Riot, Rites obscene!  
 Celestial *Maid*! be it lawful that with Lips 590  
 Profane I name thee; and in wanton Song.  
 But in these vicious Days great *Nature's* Laws  
 Are spurn'd; eternal *Virtue*, which nor Time  
 Nor

Nor Place can change, nor Custom changing all,  
 Is mock'd to Scorn; and *lewd Abuse* instead,  
 Daughter of Night, her shameless Revels holds 595  
 O'er half the Globe, while the chaste Face of Day  
 Eclipses at her Rites. For Man with Man,  
 And Man with Woman (monstrous to relate !)  
 Leaving the natural Road, themselves debase  
 With Deeds unseemly, and dishonour foul. 600  
*Britons*, for shame ! Be Male and Female still.  
 Banish this foreign Vice ; it grows not here ;  
 It dies, neglected ; and in Clime so chaste  
 Cannot but by forc'd Cultivation thrive.  
 So cultivated swells the more our Shame, 605  
 The more our Guilt. And shall not greater Guilt  
 Meet greater Punishment and heavier Doom ?  
 Not lighter for Delay. Did Justice  
 The Men of *Sodom* erst ? Like us they sinn'd,  
 Like us they sought the Paths of monstrous Joy ;  
 Till urg'd to Wrath at last, all-patient Heaven 610  
 Descending wrapt them in sulphurous Storm.  
 And where proud Palaces appear'd, the Haunts  
 Of Luxury, now sleeps a fullen Pool :  
 Vengeful Memorial of almighty Ire,  
 Against the Sons of Lewdness exercis'd ! 615

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